[illegible] December 12th, 1914.

OUR XMAS NUMBER (Extra Issue) Now Ready, 2d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 445. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

752157

For meaning of this No. see page 11 of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If *Britain* to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the World.

"ZEPPELIN" PERIL COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL Enemy Aircraft).

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

.....

Age next Birthday.....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the United Kingdom by Enemy Aircraft, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name .....

Address .....

.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out in "JOHN BULL."

This coupon must be signed by the Insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age—by their parents or legal guardians, and is available for London and twelve-mile radius till 8 a.m. Wednesday, December 16th, and all other parts of the United Kingdom till 8 a.m. Thursday, December 17th.

HARRY APPLETON

The Man who Always Pays,

24, Oswald Street, Glasgow; 3, St. Thomas Street, London Bridge, S.E.

Credit Accounts opened. Daily settlements a speciality.

Terms are exactly the same during the Jumping Season.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull of specified date, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon presenting within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to Foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

J. G. GILBEY, 3, Parkside, Woodford Green, Essex. 723,732. November 21st.

G. F. JONES, 41, Galloway Road, Waterloo, Liverpool. 417,639. November 21st.

H. COHEN, 18, Hodgson Street, Waterloo Road, Manchester. 382,695. November 21st.

F. TURNER, c/o Mr. Budd, The Tannery, Redhill, Surrey. 227,157 November 21st.

J. W. EVANS, 12, Burch Street, N. Wolverhampton. 469,681. November 14th.

W. WILLIAMS, 81, St. Saviour's Road E., Leicester. 465,962. November 14th.

L. M. OVERALL, 65, Barrett's Grove, Stoke Newington, N. 382,277. November 14th.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 5th:—

009736	205200	395990	577176	880799
026533	211989	436767	687162	871683
040377	246893	466967	702466	886719
069457	259823	494529	715680	901004
085184	267446	523578	740105	946318
095329	285536	536950	747831	957681
119957	299614	559752	766338	980762
155004	341617	569976	809663	A000035
178766	366533	599103	832366	A003934
189016	377791	641163	845942	A056733

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue published December 16th).

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. December 12 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

FIRST READ THIS.
If you predict the "Home" Team will win, put in ink a X in the Home Column; if you predict the "Away" Team will win, put a X in the Away Column. For Draws put a X in the Draw Column.

John Bull ENTRANCE FORM.

Matches to be played Saturday, Dec. 26th.

HOME.	AWAY.	DR. W.	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Bradford	v.	Everton
			Tottenham H.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Blackburn R.
			Liverpool	v.	Manchester U.
			Notts C.	v.	Middlesbro'
			Manchester C.	v.	Chelsea
			W. Bromwich	v.	Burnley
			Sunderland	v.	Newcastle U.
			Bury	v.	Birmingham
			Barnsley	v.	Clapton O.
			Wolver. Wand.	v.	Hull City
			Gillingham	v.	Norwich City
			Exeter City	v.	Watford
			Swindon	v.	Reading
			Croydon C.	v.	Southend U.
			Southampton	v.	Portsmouth
			Northampton	v.	Luton T.
			West Ham U.	v.	Brighton & H.
			Crystal P.	v.	Millwall A.
			Cardiff C.	v.	Plymouth A.

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Entrance Forms must be cut; not torn out.

Read Rules Carefully.

NOTE METHOD OF MARKING COUPON.

We have adopted the following rule for marking the Entrance Form:—If you predict the Home Team will win, put a X in the Home Column, if you give the Away Team to win, put a X in the Away Column. For a Draw put a X in the Draw Column.

2. Having done this, write in ink (typewriting or pencilling will not do) your name and address in the space provided, cut out the Entrance Form, and address it to "John Bull," 93, Fleet Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C., mark envelope in top left-hand corner, Football Contest, No. 9, and send to reach us not later than first post Thursday, December 24th.

3. The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the Competitor whose entrance form contains the correct results, as published in the *Sporting Life*, of all the matches given played to a finish on December 26th. Should it happen that no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, a cash prize of £100 will be paid to the Competitor sending in the most correct Forecasts whatever the number: and £25 to the sender of the most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon taken from *Mary Bull*. If the sender of a mauve coupon should win or share the £1,000, or the £100, the *Mary Bull* prize will be awarded to the sender of the next most correct forecasts on a mauve coupon.

4. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will interviews be granted.

5. Any effort on which any alteration has been made will be disqualified.

6. In the event of a tie or ties in this Competition, the £1,000, the £100 as well as the special £25 mauve coupon Prize, will be equally divided.

7. Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

8. Scottish readers may enter.

CONTEST CLOSES FIRST POST THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24th.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

The following duplicate list of the matches is printed solely for the convenience of Competitors desirous of keeping a record of their effort. It must on no account be sent in, and will not be accepted as proof of forecasts made on the Entrance Form.

H	A	D	TEAMS.	H	A	D	TEAMS.
			Bradford v. Everton				Wolver'ton v. Hull City
			Tottenham H. v. Sheffield W.				Gillingham v. Norwich City
			Sheffield U. v. Blackburn R.				Exeter City v. Watford
			Liverpool v. Manchester U.				Swindon v. Reading
			Notts C. v. Middlesbro'.				Croydon C. v. Southend U.
			Manchester C. v. Chelsea				Southampton v. Portsmouth
			W. Bromwich v. Burnley				Northampton v. Luton T.
			Sunderland v. Newcastle U.				West Ham v. Brighton & H.
			Bury v. Birmingham				Crystal P. v. Millwall A.
			Barnsley v. Clapton O.				Cardiff C. v. Plymouth A.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 445 Week ending Saturday, December 12th. 1914. One Penny.

FOR FRIENDS AT HOME AND ABROAD.
THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT.

The "JOHN BULL"
Portfolio of
WAR CELEBRITIES 1/- net.
16 SUPERB PORTRAITS FOR

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.
Post Free 1s. 2d. from JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for DEC. 5th, 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 956,832.
Apply THE MANAGER "JOHN BULL,"
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The King at the Front.

Excellent. That visit will do more good than anything else possibly could. The soldiers now know that the King is a human reality, and not a mere constitutional "entity." God Save the King!

The Kaiser and the Admiralty.

Is the Kaiser still an Admiral of the British Fleet? If so, the sooner his name is removed from the Navy List the better. Who *is* responsible for these delays? It took three months to kick him out of the Army—and he still degrades the Order of the Garter.

King Albert's "Honour."

And, surely, it is no honour to the brave King of the gallant Belgians to receive the Order of the Garter whilst the Butcher of Berlin is still upon its roll!

The Yarmouth Invasion.

Apropos of our recent inquiry whether at the time of the abortive raid upon Yarmouth we had not four cruisers in harbour, with all the officers on board, we are informed that the facts are that there were four torpedo boats and three submarines—one without any petrol on board—and that all the officers were ashore! A somewhat similar condition of things is said to have existed at other ports lately. This will not do.

Bucking up the "Board."

In our issue of November 28th we advised the discharge of all alien enemies from British ships, and we are glad to notice that the B.O.T. has now taken our advice.

A Word with the Chancellor.

Can this be true? It comes to us from a major, late R.F.A.: "Why doesn't Lloyd George go to his own constituency recruiting? I don't believe he *dare*. The quarrymen say, 'It is nothing to do with us; let the English fight.'" We don't believe it.

Our Recruiting Campaign.

On Tuesday next we go to Warrington, and after that there will be a lull till January 14th, when we shall have such a rally—at the Albert Hall—as London has never seen. Just make a note of the date—Thursday, January 14th.

Trial by Jury.

Apropos of our paragraph last week in reference to the unsatisfactory state of the law governing trial by jury, we would point out that this is especially so in libel actions. A person defamed may, on securing the necessary fiat from a Judge, launch criminal proceedings instead of suing for damages; and in that case the jury is permitted only to return its verdict of Guilty or Not Guilty on the facts—the penalty being left to the Judge. But in a civil action, *brought for the same libel*, the jury is permitted to assess the punishment, in the shape of damages. Why should such an anomaly exist?

That Sacred Memory!

If the Archbishop of York has done explaining his "sacred memory of the Kaiser" speech, perchance he will now start explaining the one lamenting that the Government did not differentiate the separation allowance of married and unmarried wives of soldiers serving their country and their King. For instance, how much would he differentiate between the unofficial and the certificated consort? Sixpence in the shilling, or ninepence three-farthings in the half-crown?

Our Christmas Number—

Will be on sale on Friday of this week, and, Geewhiz! what a Christmas Number it is! Just walk up to the bookstall and have a look at it—and do not confuse it with our ordinary issue. It is extra—"extra", in the fullest sense of the word. One of the chief features is a series of personal recollections, by the Editor, of famous judges and lawyers.

Haldane and the Huns.

We respect the political truce; but there come times when such an armistice is a danger. It is a matter of common knowledge that Lord Haldane is giving a hand to Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office. Now Lord Haldane loves the Kaiser, and loves Germany and everything connected with her. And then we have the evidence of Karl Graves, the German spy, whose book the authorities allowed to be published; and although we do not swallow all he says, we do say that Lord Haldane's proper place is on the woolsack—and nowhere else.

Out Friday next—"John Bull's" great Xmas Number, 2d. Order it now.

Private Conscripting.

Lord Kitchener wants all the voluntary recruits he can get, and will get all he wants; if he does not, it is probable Parliament will have to find them by some form of compulsory service. Meanwhile there are methods of recruiting which the more or less free-born Briton is entitled to resent. One of them, still fairly common, is that disclosed to us by a Marlborough (Wilts) man. He has been, so he says, in the service of his employer eleven years, and has "practically run his business for eight years," but now he is offered the alternative of either enlisting or accepting half wages. The injustice in this case is that, if he had been as free to choose as some others, he would not have given his employer the chance of applying this pseudo-patriotic pressure. "I am," he says, "the only son at home and one of the main supports of my parents, who are both getting very aged. Further, I have a brother who, badly wounded at the front, is now in hospital at Wandsworth minus his right leg, so that I think my duty is to stop at home." And we are in complete agreement with him.

Embarrassing.

Here are two notices which may be seen on either side of the door of a chapel in Brighton—just behind the Hotel Metropole:—

> Deutcher evangelischer cottesdienst in Diecher Kirche Jeden 2ten soontag im Monat Das heilige abendmahl am 2ten Sonntag im Januar, April, Juli, October. Pastor O. Goehling, 23, Manor Road, Forest Hill, London.
>
> Eglise Reformee Francaise.—Culte le Dimanche le matin à 11h l'après-midi á 3h 30. *Pasteur* Mr. Desiré Joye, B.A.R.D. (Officier de l'Academie), 8, Alexandra Villas. *Tresorier*—Mr. G. F. Manwaring, The Rest, Newick. *Secretaire*—Mr. R. Ernst, 12, Stanford Road, Brighton.

Talk about embarrassing Providence!

Nister's Notion.

Mr. Ernest Nister, of St. Bride Street, London, E.C., has a notion, which is that of deceiving his customers as to the origin of his calendars, or, at any rate, of one of them. Originally the calendar bore the inscription, "Ernest Nister, St. Bride Street, London, E.C. Printed in Bavaria." Now he has bethought him, and made an attempt to black out "Printed in Bavaria," substituting beneath "Designed and manufactured in England." Unfortunately in attempting the blacking-out he has made a bad miss, and the trading audacity is revealed in all its heinous horror. Mr. Nister may have been more fortunate in blacking-out the incriminating words on the rest of his Germhun-printed stock. He would probably not have a merry Christmas if he were found out before he unloaded it.

Grieving for the Germhuns.

Councillor J. H. Thewlis, the Chairman of the Manchester Watch Committee, continues to shed salt tears over the unhappy state of enemy aliens in the City who have suffered arrest and detention at the instance of the military authorities. He now declares that in all such cases the responsibility rests with the Chief Constable, and he appears to suggest that in his official capacity he has nothing to do with the matter. Technically, this may be so; but it remains a fact that the Committee of which he is Chairman retains the general control of police administration in the city—and we still hold that unless Mr. Thewlis can curb his Teutonic sympathies, it would be far better for him to resign his position. If he must weep over the lot of our enemies, he might at least have the decency to do it at home.

Let's All be Miserable.

The answer of the London Football Clubs to the newspapers which are obsessed with the notion that if they can't run national affairs in this or any other crisis nobody else can, might have been lifted bodily from a previous number of this august organ. Briefly, it is that they will close down on football simultaneously with the closing down of "racecourses, theatres, music-halls, picture palaces, and kindred entertainments." If we are to be miserable—if nobody is to have any recreation or amusement in this time of war except such as the Press is pleased to supply—then for goodness sake let us all be miserable at once and do the thing thoroughly. It is absurd to bar a man from seeing or playing a game of football and allow him to see a play or cinematograph show, warble "Your King and Country Want You," or buy a ha'porth of light literature. If the Press wants everything its own way, then let it run a war of its own. In this one there are several other people who claim the right to have a word.

Lawyers in Khaki.

According to Lord Anderson, of the Scottish Supreme Court, counsel learned in the law enjoy audience at Court, not in virtue of their knowledge or skill, but because they happen to be wearing a wig and gown. This, at any rate, was the remarkable declaration which his Lordship lately made when asked to hear an application by a lawyer wearing the King's uniform. So keenly does the learned Judge feel on the matter that he has laid it down that he will in no case hear an advocate who is not clothed in the traditional garb of his calling. Having established this inconvenient rule, which will, in many instances, work hardship to men who are serving their country in the Territorial forces, Lord Anderson admits that he "may be wrong." He may.

Tommy's "Tot."

A soldier, writing us from the trenches with reference to the dead-set that is made by certain sincere but misguided individuals in this country against the periodical issue of a "tot" of rum to men in the fighting line, says:—

> For years before coming on service I took the pledge and was a member of the Army Temperance Association. *Now, however, I take all the rum that "legally" comes my way, and I am very glad of it.*

The letter is passed by the Regimental Censor. If the official's pencil is responsible for thus calling attention to Tommy's testimonial to his "tot," it is easy to see on which side *his* sympathies lie.

Supplies for the Enemy.

We are told that a steamer from Rotterdam came into a British port recently to discharge cargo, after which she re-loaded wheat. The grain was in bulk in lighters, but the Captain had it put into bags, and left the port hurriedly before taking it all in—doubtless owing to the fear of the authorities, as both wheat and bags to contain it are contraband. Another vessel came into the same port with 250 tons of lead from New York, which was subsequently transhipped to Bergen. The authorities may have full particulars upon application to us.

***Very* Petty Sessions.**

We note that the Magistrates sitting at the Kensington Petty Sessions have refused an "occasional licence" for dances to be held at the Fulham and Kensington Town Halls between 7 and 10 p.m. on four dates this month. Considering that the privilege had hitherto been granted for close upon 35 years, we consider their action very petty. Fancy doing a Tango on cocoa!

"Bullets" great Xmas Box—First Prize increased to £500 for this week only.

Who Takes the Button?

The longer we live the more we are convinced that there is a painful number of cranks extant, in peace and war. For the moment we notice the clerical figure of the Archdeacon of Chesterfield, the Very Rev. E. F. Crosse. Apparently for no other reason than that we are patentees of the Order of the Biscuit—a really prizeable decoration—our very rev. friend has invented the Order of the Button. "There is no special organisation and no subscription, but anyone who thinks the League will serve the interests of the country is asked to wear a small khaki button. Everyone wearing the button pledges himself not to stand anyone a drink or be stood a drink until peace has been declared." Think of a British citizen—this will include a Scot—decorating himself with a khaki button in order to proclaim that until peace is declared he will stand nobody a drink except himself! The Archdeacon can take our word for it that this is precisely the individual who wouldn't wear a khaki button either in peace or war. Some of us wish he would; we should then perceive him in the distance and go up another street.

The Great Vanishing Act.

This is to certify that we do not know who is eating all the newspapers and tobacco and cigarettes which are just now supposed to be pouring on the British troops in the trenches. We say this because we are groaning under a load of inquiries and complaints. Let one speak for many. A member of the Indian Expeditionary Contingent writes us thusly: "Some people must be waxing rich in tobacco and cigarettes bought and paid for with money sent to newspapers to send on to us, for we are not even smelling the smoke of same. I can mention hundreds of cases where tobacco, etc., etc., has been sent six weeks ago, and it hasn't arrived on this gay and festive scene yet." We have not any doubt that the British public are paying for tons of luxuries which will not be delivered at the seat of war until the blare of the Last Trump. even if then, for they are mysteriously disappearing somewhere, and apparently the Postmaster-General careth not one Egyptian dam.

Not Proven.

Before the Horncastle (Lincs.) Justices an innkeeper was recently charged with selling whisky during prohibited hours. For the defence it was contended that the accused had merely given a drop of spirits to a neighbour whose wife had fainted, the transaction being in the nature of a gift rather than a sale. The Chairman appears to have accepted this statement, which was not challenged by the police, but, for some reason or other, he held that "the defendant had not established a gift, as the Act said must be done." Yet, surely, a plea which the police did not think it worth while to traverse should have been sufficient to ensure the defendant's acquittal. As it was, he was convicted and fined, with costs, a sum of 7s. in respect of an offence which was clearly not proved.

British "Aliens."

We have a good deal of sympathy with those Englishwomen married to German or Austrian subjects who now find themselves "aliens" in their own land. In several instances their position has been worsened by hard and inconsiderate treatment on the part of magisterial benches. Thus, at Hove recently a lady who had failed to register, in the belief that it was not necessary to do so, was sent to hard labour for a month, although her conduct had been entirely free from suspicion. The magistrates appear to have thought that they were taking a merciful course, and it would be interesting to have their notion of severity. A month's hard labour for no overt offence is a somewhat poor joke.

Profits on the Taxes.

There is a painful insufficiency of conscience in the treatment accorded to their tied tenants by some brewers. Recently, as many of our readers know, the Portsmouth United Breweries, Ltd., raised the price of XX beer from 36s. to 58s. to their tied tenants. They have since decided to reduce the price to 54s., but as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has rebated 2s. a barrel it is evident the company is after a big profit on the taxes at the expense of a class of men who, tied hand and foot to them, have to retail to the public consumer. Very many people have the idea in their heads that the Chancellor of the Exchequer fixes the maximum price at which beer can be sold to the public. Not at all. If the brewers chose to put up the price to 70s. a barrel there would be nothing whatever to prevent their doing so. The brewery business is much like the horse trade in that there are moments when you should let the other fellow make a bit also. The Portsmouth United Breweries, Ltd., seem to want all the profits for themselves.

More Cant!

Miss Agnes Weston—who for many years has described herself as "The Sailors' Friend"—is at it again. She is telling the widows of our brave sailors who have lost their breadwinners, that "her heart aches" for them. She goes on to say that she is quite aware that her expression of sorrow will not bring back the dear ones, but our Saviour will comfort and provide for those who are left behind "if we trust Him," and then tells the widows to apply to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association for help. Cold comfort, surely! Miss Weston should really take a rest.

A Word to the Wife.

A Stratford baker is cutting up crusty, and we are not surprised. "It fills me with rage," says he, "to see the women flocking into shops kept by Germhuns, butchers and bakers, to spend the money their fathers, brothers and sons are being killed and wounded at the front to earn." This feminine patronage of the Germhun purveyor is not peculiar to Stratford. If it were not for British women, Braunbrot, Sauerkraut, Kalbskopf, Rindfleisch and Co. would soon be numbered with the slain.

A Righteous Grumble.

"Thomas Atkins," a soldier at the Front, says he has not received one letter from his relatives since he left Aldershot three months ago, though they have written many. He is savage about it, and wishes to know whether the Germhuns have blown up the General Post Office. Having regard to all the grumbling of soldiers and their relatives about the non-delivery of letters and parcels, we have our suspicions.

Cause of the War.

"I am convinced," says the Rev. W. Gowans, Vicar of Plaistow, in his parish magazine, "that the desecration of the Sabbath is to a large extent the cause of the trouble that has fallen upon our nation." If we were to judge by the habits of the Germhun soldiers, we should say it was due to the sins of the Church. Even the Vicar must have noticed that they are blowing up all the cathedrals.

Freund no Friend.

Announcement is made that the King has approved of the removal of Herr Max Freund from the Germhun professorship at Queen's University, Belfast. With great respect, we wish the King would also approve of the removal of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince of Germhuny, and Prince Henry of Prussia from the Order of the Garter.

Hurry up and get your "John Bull" Pens. Splendid Xmas Gift.

SHOULD MARRIED MEN ENLIST?

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM—WHAT THE CHURCHES SAY.

"Should married men go to war?" is a question addressed to us every day. It is a difficult and a delicate problem, and raises points of far-reaching interest. One aspect of it is dealt with in an article on the "Debt of Honour Every Man Should Pay," which will be found on another page of this issue—but there are others. In a crisis of this character, we have to look fundamental facts in the face. In war, and especially such a war, it is the country with the biggest population, other things being equal, which prevails in the end. We say "other things being equal," because there are, for instance, such natural advantages as being an island nation, with a mighty navy, and vast over-sea possessions. But, in the last resort, it is numbers which count. And that is the foundation of Germany's strength. Well, the civilised world comprises married and single men. The former are producing the soldiers of the future (if they are too old for that, they are also too old to fight, and, therefore, so far as foreign service is concerned, may be dismissed for our present purpose); and the latter are the embryo fathers who, in due course, will become the producers of the future race. Assume, for a moment, that these latter have *all* gone to the war, and are *all* killed—and you at once get a key to the solution of the problem. Assume that half, or a quarter of them survive, and then, too, you can form an idea of the effect upon the supply of our fighting force in the next generation. True, there will remain, at the end of the war, the same number of women as at its commencement; but we are monogamists—and half of them must remain unmarried, and from the point of view of procreation, wasted and useless. *That*, too, is a big problem—but we are not concerned with it to-day. The question before the House is—should married men go to war? We confess that it puzzles us. It is so difficult to deal with it within the prescribed limits of convention. We have already given a hint of the slippery path which it compels us to travel. Let us put it once again. Suppose all the single men went to the front and were killed. Just go on supposing—and do not blame us if the supposition leads you into grooves of speculation that run right away from all the recognised ideas of "religion" and "morality." Consider, too, that other little matter; there are already more women than men in the country, and after the war the disproportion will be infinitely greater. Think that over; but never forget that "One man—one wife" is the rule of the matrimonial franchise—and, with many, *none*. Then think it all over again—always bearing in mind that it is numbers which count in war. Oh, dear us! It is *very* difficult to deal with the matter without "shocking" you.

The Case for the Benedick.

Last week, it is true, we insisted quite bluntly that it was the bounden duty of every sound and healthy man forthwith to place his life at the disposal of his King and Country. Having regard to the immensity of the crisis and to the supreme importance of the issues involved, we spoke without qualification, throwing upon the conscience of each man the onus of excuse. We by no means desire to withdraw from this position, but we are anxious to examine fairly and frankly any pretext which may reasonably be advanced by those who "cannot see their way" to take up arms, such as the excuse of marriage. We are anxious to be quite fair to the Benedick. He is not necessarily a slacker; he may be by no means deficient in physical courage; it would be unfair to suggest that he is *trying* to find excuses; it is borne in upon him that he has assumed responsibilities which he cannot readily transfer to others, and he holds back chiefly because he knows that his sacrifice would be shared by those who have a paramount claim upon his consideration. This is the position of thousands of young men in Great Britain to-day, who, if it were not for their domestic circumstances, would be off to join the colours without a moment's delay. Can it be accepted by the judgment of the nation, or must it be scouted out of court?

The Married Man's Stake.

And here is one way of looking at the matter which is in danger of being overlooked. Generally speaking, the married man has a bigger "stake in the country." He has got his anchor down, and has given hostages to fortune. To him the idea of "home" has a deeper and fuller meaning than to others. It stands for deep and intimate personal experiences which he would find it hard to describe, but which he feels with the whole intensity of his being. This much is common ground. All the civilising and humanising influences which centre in our British notion of Home—no word to translate adequately the idea can be found in any other European language—are at present assailed by the brute forces of naked barbarism. It cannot too often be said that this war is for us, in its very essence, a war of defence. The frontiers of Great Britain are no longer co-terminous with her coasts. Let that thin khaki line once be broken; let the Huns be established at Dunkirk or Calais, and our island security becomes at once a mere tradition—a thing which men will talk of as something which once was, and no longer is. The fighting which is to secure future generations of Britons in the possession of all that their fathers held dear, is being done now. It is a grim, desperate business which, in the very nature of the case, cannot be repeated—save, perhaps, in some remote future with which we of this age can have no concern. For our day and generation, it is—now or never. Are our heads of homes to bear their part in the defence, or are they to accept as a boon from others the ransom of their birthright? Can there be any answer save one?

Ah, *there's* the rub! What about the wife and

the kids? If the married man leaves them to the State, can he rely on their being properly looked after? Here we have the root of the matter. The tedious palavering in Parliament and outside, about what is going to be done some day for the dependents of those who have died, or been incapacitated, fighting, and of others "broke in our wars," has done a very great deal to discourage recruiting. It is high time that a practical and liberal scheme were decided upon; and while presenting our compliments to the Select Committee who are at present "considering" the subject, we would respectfully urge them to mend their pace. The matter won't wait. Every day the recruiting officers are besieged with applicants who would strip to the doctor at once if they could be assured upon these points; and we insist that the Government shall, without a moment's needless delay, translate into a definite contract the generous impulses of a grateful people.

THE WOMEN'S WAY.

The women, then, will not stand in the way. They will not, of course, expect to hear their men, as they march past, singing "Good-bye to Piccadilly—Farewell to Leicester Square"; "Home, Sweet Home," will have to be their song—*till they get out!* Then all will be well. This is what a soldier's wife recently wrote us: "He thought it was his duty to his country, and I knew it was mine not to stand in his way"; and yet, because of the stupid muddling of the State departments, this woman had suffered severely! But she had gladly stood out of the way while her husband took up his own place in the fighting line—and she asked nothing in return. That, if we mistake not, is the spirit of our British women. To argue as though it were otherwise, would be to do a cruel injustice to a section of the community which, throughout this fight, has displayed a spirit of splendid patriotism.

Yes, we have come to the conclusion that in this ghastly business we must "let everything go in," if we are to find that short cut to "Tipperary." The Huns are fighting now, not for victory—they know they are beaten—but because they hope to hang on to Belgium, or part of it, and to use it as a counter in the bargain for peace. We do not propose to play their game. They shall be driven, with good British steel, out of the land they have ravaged—and to that end we need every man, married or single, who is fit enough to use the business end of a bayonet. A short fight and a winning one—and every man to his post!

That is *our* view. But what advice is the community receiving from its appointed "spiritual guides"?

WHAT SAY THE CHURCHES?

We have hinted at some of the big problems hiding behind our subject. And it would be interesting to know the official view of the churches. The public is entitled to know—but we regret that we are not in a position to enlighten it, notwithstanding that we have certain material before us, for which we are indebted to a reader who recently communicated with the leading Bishops and pastors of the day, irrespective of sect, with the object of obtaining their guidance. "Should a married man go to war?" was the question—and we have the replies before us. It appears that everything turns upon Deuteronomy xxiv, 5: "When a man hath taken a new wife, he shall not go out to war. . . . He shall be free at home one year and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken." So that, strictly speaking, *newly* married men must not go to the front! We say "strictly speaking," however, because some of the prelates decline to speak strictly. They do not consider that this old Hebrew injunction is binding upon Christians—we have not consulted any Rabbi as to its application to the Jews—whilst others suggest a compromise by joining the Territorials! A remarkable feature of the correspondence is that several of the letters are marked "Private"—surely an extraordinary limitation to place upon spiritual guidance! Lea. old Dr. Clifford does not regard the prohibition as applying to "anyone who feels he could leave home and play the man"—in other words, who could keep his mind on his work, we suppose. The Bishop of Liverpool thinks that a young married man "would be keeping the spirit of the Mosaic law if he volunteered for Home Service only"—surely an unconscious pun! The Bishop of Auckland thinks the words "protective only," and that they should be "read in the light of reverent common sense"! The Bishop of London feels "that circumstances may well arise when it becomes necessary for all men to arm . . . but it is the duty of unmarried men to volunteer *first of all*." The Bishop of Carlisle regards the command as "obsolete." Dr. Campbell Morgan says that "every man must finally settle the question of enlistment for himself." The Bishop of Lichfield thinks it a question for each man's conscience, and that if he "prays for guidance God will give him guidance." The Rev. A. C. Dixon, of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, is of opinion that "if the wife consents," that would put it right. The Bishop of Worcester thinks that "in ordinary cases a man would not do right in leaving his wife, especially if she were ill and expecting a child, unless she was well provided for and felt that she could manage to get on for a while alone." The Bishop of St. Albans believes that the special circumstances of to-day "supersede all purely Oriental, ancient and local directions"; the Bishop of Wakefield recommends any married man in doubt to "go to his clergyman and put the question to him"—and the Bishop of Norwich is of the same opinion. The Rev. F. B. Meyer is very cautious. "If," he says, "under the Old Testament a newly-married man was permitted to stay at home with his wife for the first year, I feel absolutely sure that the New Testament would ratify such an attitude."

And so we could go on quoting. Isn't it all very pitiful?

So let us put the parsons aside, and ask our consciences to settle the point. Should married men enlist? The "ayes" have it.

THE MARRIED MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

But do not let it be thought that the married man is to have no chance. There is always the possibility—however remote—of invasion; and in that contingency the man with a home, a wife, and a family, may well gird on his armour to resist the Hun. And even the Bishops and the parsons will bless him—despite Deuteronomy xxiv. 5!

A DEBT OF HONOUR EVERY MAN SHOULD PAY.

By William Booth.

Men who would scorn to rest idle whilst others plunged into fire or water to save life, are quite content to stand aside and watch others volunteer to serve their country. Men who would starve rather than accept a charity or leave a money debt unpaid, are quite content to leave the defence of their homes, their women, and their honour, to any Tom, Dick or Harry.

Mention the word compulsion and their hands go up in holy horror. With a certain class of men, voluntaryism has become an idol. With a certain low cunning, they think that under a voluntary system of enlistment they can always rely on a sufficient number of "mugs" coming forward to relieve them of the unpleasant necessity of risking their own skins. Compulsory service to such a man is a bug-a-boo.

This idolisation of voluntaryism is a fetish. It is a relic of the days of side-whiskers and antimacassars. Like sundry other ideals of the last century, it has served its turn and answered its purpose. When a battle was over in a day, and a General thought he was a genius if he could handle a hundred thousand men, a voluntary army was not a bad thing.

Ask General French whether he would not have preferred to have commanded 250,000 British conscripts at Mons in place of the little voluntary army that did so much, but which had to retire before superior numbers of inferior men. What would his answer be?

The Value of Conscripts.

A conscript army is not necessarily an inferior army. The Belgians are fighting heroically, and yet they are conscripts. The French and the Russians are not fighters that can be despised; yet they are conscripts; and even our friends the enemy are still a long way from being beaten, and they, too, are pressed men. If Jellicoe does as well with his voluntary seamen as Nelson did with the press-gang heroes, nobody will grumble; and on an average there is no reason why a levy of one man in ten from amongst the fit of all classes of the population should not make as nearly as good an army as the one we get under our present system. I use the word "nearly" advisedly.

At the present moment we are recruiting voluntarily the pick and very flower of the unmated manhood of Great Britain. When they are trained they are going out to fight—and die, many of them—for the land that bred them They are going each to do two men's work, take two men's risks, and suffer disproportionate losses, because, forsooth, there will only be half as many of them as there ought to be! Twice as many *average* men would be three times as efficacious in a modern battle and from the point of view of the future of our land it is better that average men should be shot, than that the picked men of our breed should go to their last sleep unmated and childless.

French physique suffers to this day on account of the wastage of potential fathers during the Napoleonic wars, and the men of Britain a hundred years hence may easily be half-an-inch or so shorter through the short-sighted sentimentalism of the present age.

Suppose there were 2,000 eligible men in any particular town. Which is the more dignified plan—to let them draw lots, every tenth man to have the privilege of joining the colours, or to do as we are doing? To-day we either advertise for heroes as we would for lost dogs or else we cajole, persuade, appeal, or harrow their feelings with atrocities. Sometimes we go a step further and turn on the screw of poverty or get a scoundrelly employer to play the bully.

Our policy of voluntaryism is unfair to the Individual, unfair to the Forces, unfair to the Nation, unfair to the Race, and unfair to our brave Allies.

VEILING AND UNVEILING.

BOUNCING BOUGHTON BAULKED OF HIS BOOTY.

A well-known firm who specialise in the supply of those veils which are such valuable adjuncts to the fair—and especially "so-so"—sex send us two letters they have received from R. Boughton, of 6, Kepler Road, Clapham, S.W. The first is dated November 19th, and runs:—

> As my daughters are away and cannot call upon this occasion, will you kindly send—at early convenience—12 yards black, *best quality* velvet ribbon about 1¾ inches wide. 12 ditto ditto in colour as near as you have now in stock to the enclosed sample. If sent kindly enclose bill so that I may remit; the names on this paper being my references.

This communication appears on a sheet with a fly leaf. Half the writing space of the first two pages is occupied with a "list of some of the open competitions in which R. Boughton's designs have taken first and second places under Assessors' Awards"—these ranging from "Museum, £120,000," through "Hotel and Club Premises, £86,000," to "Schools, £2,800." The whole of the third and fourth pages are filled by an extraordinary travesty of a legal document in which Boughton "solemnly and sincerely declares" how he spent his time in the offices of architects and on his own account, the seventh clause being the most interesting, it reading:—"The aggregate cost of the many buildings represented by my Designs, which have been placed first or second in open public competitions under Assessors' Awards in England, Wales or Ireland, being (*sic.*) estimated at about nine hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds."

The second letter is dated November 27th, and is addressed to the predecessors in business of our correspondents.

Following the catalogue of awards comes "List of some inventions and patents now before the public, or the subject of further experiments," the first of which is an "improved means of reflecting or diffusing daylight into the interior of buildings." We, too, have done a little in this particular line, our achievements, though, having long passed the experimental stage. For instance, we can diffuse a little daylight into the interior of the building known as 6, Kepler Road, Clapham, S.W., dingy though its windows are. The house is in a very dirty and unkempt state. At first glance it appears to be uninhabited, the blinds being down and no sign of life being visible. A girl who, after some delay, answered the door to one of our representatives was in a condition in keeping with her environment. "Father and mother," she said, were not at home, but would be back later—the time of their return being in the next breath altered to "in a few days," the poor creature having grown suspicious. Other people in the neighbourhood were more communicative, the affairs of the "Consulting Architect" appearing to be pretty well-known locally. Boughton has been at Kepler Road about six months, but already the broker has been in for rent, and seized and sold some of the furniture. There are various other circumstances which indicate that our correspondents acted wisely in asking advice before parting with their goods. Anybody who has been more compliant and sent valuables upon such representations as are contained in the remarkable document from which we have quoted, would do well to communicate with the police if he is unable to secure payment. What would Dickens have given to have got hold of this "declaration" when outlining that other great architect of castles in the air, Mr. Pecksniff!

TAINTED SUPPLIES.

ANONYMOUS MANAGER OF DISREPUTABLE FIRM.

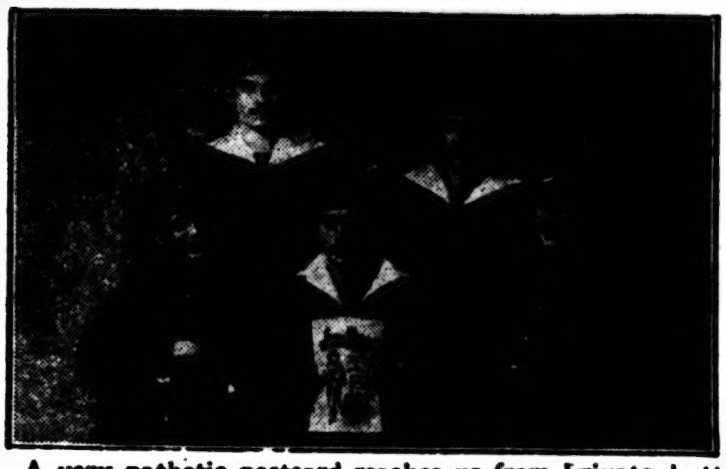
The *Railway Supplies Journal*, of 26a, Tudor Street, E.C.—a worthless sheet, which obtains its own supplies by means of inserting "puffs" in return for an order for copies—has recently renewed its activities after lying dormant for some considerable time. We note that the concern's circulars are now signed "The Manager"—we can understand that E. P. Phillips, its founder (if he were still running it, as to which we have no information) would be chary of putting his name forward, in view of his convictions for obtaining money by false pretences in connection with the concern.

Result of our No. 7 Football Contest. For winners see page 31.

THEY ALL LOVE "JOHN"!

OUR JOURNAL BINDS ALLIES TOGETHER.

We get many highly interesting—and often instructive—communications from our brave troops. The photograph reproduced in this column is sent us by Private A. Collins, of "B" Co. 3rd Royal Eerks Regiment, stationed at Portsmouth, his letter telling us that, in company with Private Gearing, he, a few days ago, came across three French sailors who were trying to read JOHN BULL with the aid of a dictionary. They appealed to our correspondent and his companion to assist them—and an interesting three hours was spent in the translation, the process causing quite a crowd to collect. Before the lesson ended they made their new-found British chums understand that they wanted their photo taken in order to send it to us—so the party adjourned to a local photographer, with the result which will be seen below, and which forms a charming little souvenir of the *Entente Cordiale*.



A very pathetic postcard reaches us from Private J. B. Driscoll, No. 7314, 1st Norfolk Regiment, a prisoner of war at Gefangenen Lager, Doeberitz, Germany. He says:—

> Being a prisoner here, and having been wounded twice, and also being absolutely friendless, I appeal to you to send me some tobacco and cigarettes out here, and if you could send me a P.O. for 10s. I guarantee on the honour of a British soldier to return it, and also to give 10s. to your "Human Document" Fund. If you can't do it, appeal to someone for me, military authorities if possible, but do not fail me, as I can't write to anyone else. Hoping to hear from you as soon as possible, and wishing all JOHN BULL readers a happy Christmas.

We have had very great pleasure in sending him a sovereign from our War Relief Fund, and have also forwarded him some tobacco and cigarettes. We wish our correspondent a speedy release, and meantime hope that he will be as comfortable as his unpleasant circumstances permit.

A TOMMY'S THANKS.

And here is a charming letter from L.-C. Walter Grierson, Military Foot Police, now quartered in Wiltshire:—

> DEAR "MAN,"
>
> God bless you for your wonderful article "Thomas Atkins, Esq." What a wonderful chap you are! One—that is one who knows how true to life this pen-picture is—would think you had spent the whole of your life in the ranks.
>
> I cannot withhold my heart-felt gratitude to you for your splendid appreciation—and vindication—of my comrades.
>
> Such an article helps us to bear the hardships, privation, persecution, calumny, imposition, etc., etc., incidental to a soldier's life; and, incidentally, helps our wives and kiddies, too; and T. A., Esquire, will be buoyed up to greater deeds in future by the knowledge that JOHN BULL is compelling all the world to understand the British Soldier.
>
> Again, God bless you.

We cannot say how deeply we appreciate these tributes

Have you taken home this week a
"MARY BULL,"
AND IF NOT, WHY NOT?

THOMAS'S TOGGERY.

BUSINESS DESIRABLE *NOT* "AS USUAL."

Messrs. H. Thomas & Co., "Wholesale Clothiers, &c.," 142, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., are issuing a patriotic leaflet adorned with a brilliant Union Jack, urging the public to "Keep the Flag *Flying!*" and stating their determination to conduct their business as usual "During Alterations to the Map of Europe."

Here is an instance of the way in which they "keep the flag flying." Some months ago a working man saw their advertisement offering to supply a "made to measure" suit for 8s. 11d. He sent for a measurement form and patterns, filled up the form, selected one of the patterns, and returned them, together with a postal order for 9s. In due course the suit arrived—with the trousers four inches too long. The superabundant garments were accordingly returned, with an intimation that a better quality material would be preferred, and if a superior suit were made the difference in price, merely a matter of a few shillings, would be forthcoming. Unfortunately, at this point illness stepped in, and it was found impossible to fulfil that promise. The unlucky customer thereupon requested the return of his money, but received no reply. After an interval of a few days, he wrote to inform Messrs. Thomas that he would take proceedings unless his money was at once returned. The reply to this was a further set of patterns and another measurement form. Persuaded into thinking that this time he would get a suit to fit him, our correspondent again selected an 8s. 11d. pattern, and awaited receipt of the garments. He is still waiting. To his last letter of complaint of the long delay, he received, on September 24th, a stereotyped screed from Thomas & Co., dated January 23rd, 1914! in which they say: "A week or two back, in response to communication received from you, we sent you a range of patterns of our famous suitings . . . had you not required a suit you would not have taken the trouble to have written for samples . . . we cannot understand why it is we have not received your order . . . please write us, and we assure you that your communication will have our immediate attention." A cheering sort of epistle for a man (none too well off) to receive after waiting several months for a suit and standing out of 8s. 11d. all the time! If this is the way H. Thomas & Co. mean to "keep the flag flying," the sooner they haul it down the better.

A CUTE COACH.

LEAKAGE OF APPLICANTS' LETTERS.

An accountant answering an advertisement for a post, even though he did not secure the situation, would scarcely expect his letter of application to find its way into alien (forgetting the Germans for a moment) hands, presently to be brought up in evidence against him, so to speak. This experience, however, recently occurred to a number of accountants who answered an advertisement in a daily paper. Those who did not obtain the position presently received a duplicated typewritten missive from H. Bell, of 17, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., which begins by saying: "You will be surprised to receive this letter. Let me explain how I got your name and address. A short time since you replied to an advertisement for an accountant, and I ventured to ask the advertiser to let me have the replies he did not use, for the purpose of writing you, to which he kindly consented." The letter proceeds to hint that the applicant did not secure the situation because his acquirements as an accountant showed "no special qualifications," and suggests that he should take the examination of the London Association of Accountants. "Will you let me coach you for the examination?" pleads H. Bell. "My terms are quite reasonable, and having been engaged in this work for many years I can practically guarantee success."

Now, we have no animus against coaches *as* coaches, and H. Bell may be a very efficient one indeed. But we strongly object to his method of getting into communication with possible pupils. It amounts, in our opinion, to a serious breach of privilege. To remove any doubts, perhaps H. Bell will kindly inform us *who* was the advertiser who "kindly consented" to hand over the letters.

More cash for Football skill! £1,000 again offered in easy contest. See page 31.

THE GREAT PUMP AND PURITY SLANDER.

LATEST ACTIVITIES OF MISCHIEVOUS MORALISTS.

A noticeable change is coming over the clerical and pumpuritan traducers of Britain's new soldiers. Many of the fussy folk, male and female, who have appointed themselves guardians of other people's morals, and slanderers of other people's characters, are now explaining that they are not striving to save the women from the importunities of the soldiers, but the soldiers from the seductions of the women—who, if they are dependent relatives of soldiers at the Front, are represented as drinking away their allowance; if mothers unconnected in any way with the military, are solicited and circularised to warn their daughters and their female servants "to show modesty and self-respect in their intercourse with troops stationed in the places where they live," and on no account to be out after dark. By the lapses of a few foolish women a Pump and Stiggins campaign of espionage and slander is being organised all over the country. Preston would not have it, we are glad to say. There it has aroused such a storm of protest and indignation, that even the Mayor has had to explain that he was concerned only with the conduct of a few. But the conduct of the wives and daughters of a few mayors, of a few ecclesiastics, of a few lawyers, of a few teetotalers, or of a few purity brigaders, is also open to question, yet nobody thinks of starting a public pump-and-purity campaign against them in every town in the kingdom. Some parsons and some parsons' wives get very drunk and indulge in intrigues which land them in the Divorce Court, but at no time within our memory has it occurred to anybody to send out circulars broadcast among the community appealing to "all and sundry" not to admit clergymen or clergymen's wives and daughters into their homes, if they would be saved from sin and iniquity. The whole campaign has now assumed the dimensions of a monstrous outrage as well as a monstrous slander. And there does not appear to be any end to it. There is not now a woman or a girl collecting in the street for any charitable fund arising out of the war who is not liable to be insulted by some grotesque Grundy, anxious to save her from moral evil.

"Tu Quoque!"

Even Mrs. Ryle, wife of the Dean of Westminster, does not blush to write to the *Times* about "hearing from every quarter of the undisciplined behaviour of girls and women at this time—standing about the streets pestering and importuning men to contribute to a Belgian relief fund." She added that if the girls are unauthorised the police should stop them, and if they are not "it is quite useless to appeal to those who send them out to think twice before encouraging them thus to sacrifice their self-respect on behalf of any cause, however good in itself." We feel strongly and we are going to speak plainly. If feminine moralists will thrust themselves into the full glare of the limelight in this offensive way they must take the consequences, and we ask Mrs. Ryle, or any other "religious worker," what she would say if she were thus insulted when, or if—we are not saying she has ever done so—cadging from the butcher, the baker, the grocer, or other tradesman for free contributions to her pleasant afternoons, teas, sales of work and bazaars. Who has appointed Mrs. Ryle, and such ladies as Mrs. Ryle, to censure other women helping good causes, for sacrificing their self-respect? The fact that this lady is the wife of a Dean does not give her Divine warrant or Divine authority to plunge into this orgy of exaggeration, slander, and insult in which Pump and Stiggins has been rioting since the beginning of the war. Mrs. Ryle would not speak of ladies collecting in the streets on Queen Alexandra's Day as she speaks of these others. The Government have taken powers to deal severely with anybody who, among other things, interferes with recruiting. It is about time they laid hold of a few of the wild and woolly moralists who are traducing soldiers and soldiers' wives and other decent-living men and women, and girls who have not the slightest thought or intent of wrong-doing. This is one of the things which are stopping recruiting. Our brave men are even protesting from the trenches. Let Lord Kitchener keep an eye on the parsons, and the parsons' wives' schools for scandal. Let him keep an eye on Mrs. Grundy and Stiggins, and Chadband and Pump, for assuredly they are doing their damnedest against the Grand Rally to the Flag.

"GIVING THEM SOCKS."

A "GIFT" MAKES TOMMY LOOK "DOWN IN THE MOUTH."

This is sent us from Margate by a lady as a copy of a letter she has received from a soldier:—

"26.11.14. Dear Sir (or Madame),—I should like to bring before your notice a little complaint about socks that has your name and address attached. I must on behalf of others thank you for your cheering note. There have been articles sent to the soldiers free of charge such as shirts and socks, and there are a certain class of people who make the soldiers pay for them. For instance, I take it that the socks bearing your name are sent by you to be given to the soldiers free, but instead are put up for sale at 1s. per pair, or as much as they can get for them. I am not writing because we want the articles for nothing, but it is a pity that the good-hearted public should think the soldiers are getting the benefit when there are a certain class of people making profit out of the public generosity. I hope with others you will not be offended by these few lines, for it may make it better for others."

Now, in the interests of the good-hearted British public and the soldiers alike, these allegations must be cleared up, because so far as they are true they constitute a rotten scandal. We cannot believe that the War Office or the Post Office or any officials connected with them, either at the front or the back, have their hands in it. We cannot believe that the War Minister or the Postmaster-General knows anything about it, or, if they knew, that they would allow it to continue for a moment. Who, then, constitute this "certain class of people" who are making an auction among the soldiers of the woollen articles made and freely given by the good-hearted public at home and presumably putting the proceeds in their own pockets? The allegations are at once a revelation and a mystery. At this moment many thousands of ladies are knitting comforts of different kinds for the troops and sending them forward through various agencies, and it is obvious that if the soldiers are not getting them free of charge, but have to pay auction prices for them in order that the auctioneers may make illicit profit out of them, the supply will cease. Will the War Office, therefore, let us have the explanation as quickly as possible?

FRIEND OR FOE?

PROJECTILES FOR OUR ALLIES.

A Company entitled G. Schultz and Co., Ltd., of 10, Bush Lane, E.C., have recently been endeavouring to obtain quotations for projectiles.

In one case where they made inquiries a "canny Scot" desired to know on whose behalf Messrs. Schultz were acting—the result being that he received an assurance in writing that the explosives were intended for the French Army.

With a caution that we commend, his firm at once communicated with the War Office, the upshot being that a reply came by telegram requesting them *not* to quote for the order, as the authorities "did not know Schultz and Co., in the matter."

Having learnt of these matters, one of our representatives called at 10, Bush Lane, in the hope of clearing up the doubts which naturally arose from the War Office reply.

The Manager, however, stated that Mr. G. Schultz "was away in the North of England," that he "could not disclose any of the business of the Company in his absence," and that his principal would no doubt communicate with us on his return.

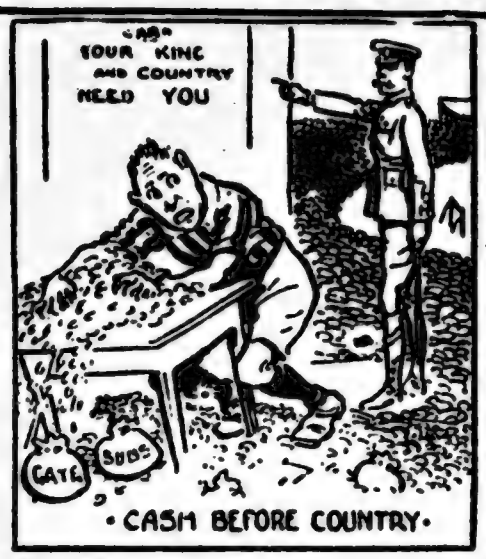
Subsequently we received a letter from the solicitors acting for G. Schultz and Co., Ltd., pointing out that serious consequences would ensue if any untrue public statements were made with reference to their clients.

We do not intend to publish any untrue statements regarding Messrs. Schultz. We simply say that either the War Office have done them a grave injustice, or else that they have information in their possession that justified their request to the Scotch firm not to tender for the projectiles. The point requires elucidation, in fairness to both Messrs. Schultz and the public.

Note! Our Zeppelin Insurance is absolutely FREE. No exacting conditions.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



Football a recreation is—
Unless you *stop them all*,
To stop it at a time like this
Would be illogical.

King George and French and Joffre meet
In hearing of the fray,
And there, to make the thing complete,
Comes France's Poincaré.

Are wives whose men are at the front
To be subjected to
Insulting questions that affront,
Regarding what they do?

Two full battalions have been raised
Of bantams, big of heart,
Whom Kitchener of K. have craved
To let them play *their* part.

What punishment shall we mete out
To our old foe De Wet?
Even if we forgave, I doubt
If we should e'er forget.

Since cackling geese saved that old town
In ancient times of war
No goose, I swear, has been knocked down
For seventy pounds or more!

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

THOUGH IN WAR TIME, DON'T FORGET THE GENERAL POOR.

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us during the Christmas season to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. This year, of course, there have been heavy demands upon the public; but we must not forget the large army of silent sufferers who, although not directly affected by the pressure of the present crisis, are nevertheless in sore distress.

Our system has been to apply the gifts entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to obtain the food and fuel and to take them to their own homes.

We also appeal for left-off clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas time into the homes of the poor.

Gifts of money will also be gratefully received. These should be forwarded direct to our Editorial Offices, 9, and 94, Long Acre, but all parcels of goods should be sent to our Central Depôt, 149, Mare Street, N.E.

(*For list of donations, etc., see page* 20.)

THE SOLDIER TRIPLETS.

Proud is the mother whose soldier son
Wields the sabre or points the gun;
Consider then that prouder still
Is good Mrs. Jones, of Stamford Hill.

And rightly proud may the lady be,
For she has given, not one, but three,
Three fine lads to shoulder the guns,
Strapping and stalwart soldier-sons.

Good Mrs. Jones, bravo! well done!
The three you gave were three in one,
And, to repeat the trinity,
Your gift was also one in three.

For they were triplets, Mrs. Jones,
One in the flesh, in brain, and bones,
One in love for the flag of the free,
One in your heart, but, for us—three.

Two of them to the Surreys went,
One to the Middlesex Regiment,
But, when they fight on some foreign plain,
Your splendid three shall be one again.

May the Germans find they never can
Beat even one—the third of a man!
And may the three, when the War is run,
Come safely home and unite as one!

RICHARD MORTON.

A boon to the wife—a copy of "Mary Bull" every week. Out Fridays, 1d.

STAND AND DELIVER.

PISTOL PROVIDERS PROCRASTINATING PRACTICES.

We want to know more about Messrs. Charles Orme and Co., "Merchants, Agents and Manufacturers," of 93 and 94, Chancery Lane. The specialities of the company seem to be flat-irons and a peculiarly dangerous form of pistol.

As far back as August 14th, a lady in County Cork complained to the "firm" that they had not forwarded goods for which she had paid £1. They pleaded delay, "owing to all the routes to Ireland for parcels being stopped owing to the war." Here we may pause to remark that although the L. & N. W. express boats were more or less taken over for military purposes, the Holyhead and Kingstown packets, which carry the post, were not interfered with, the B. & I. S. P. Co. still sailed from London for Dublin, and the Cork steamers actually carried goods from London Dock to Cork, where the lady resides.

The articles paid for were a spirit iron and a pistol and cartridges. The iron, after some correspondence, was sent by post; but the pistol and ammunition, it was explained, had been "taken out of the parcel, as ammunition could not be sent by post." The customer complained that the article she had received was inferior to that advertised, and the reply was:—

> We regret mistake. We will send holiday outfit in a few days, when you can return the one you have. In the meantime you can use it.

Although she has written to the "company" several times since, demanding the goods or 13s., the "difference" due to her, she has had no reply. Perhaps the purchaser was lucky in not getting the pistol, which, according to the advertisement, is the "result of the restless and constant work of years on the part of an intelligent inventor." She might have used it in jest and been had up for manslaughter.

The great recommendation of the article, according to the company's announcement, is that "the cartridge mixture develops immediately a large amount of vapour which is hurled against the assailant with extraordinary force. An idea can be gained at the almost dumbfounding effect of the 'Dedle' cartridges if one imagines oneself in the position of the person shot at. The report of the weapon together with the flare of the powder gives the assailant a violent shock. He is dumbfounded. Eyes and mouth open in an unnatural manner. The gases meet him and envelop his head completely, penetrate into his eyes and affect his sight. Complete blindness that continues for several minutes results. Simultaneously, the mucous membranes are irritated and difficult breathing ensues. The gases pour into the lungs and cause breathing to be difficult and nearly suffocate the person shot at."

If you wish to ruin a nervous person, or kill one with weak lungs or heart, buy a "Dedle" and fire at him. What are the police doing?

In the meantime the high-sounding address of this "company"—93 and 94, Chancery Lane—is a dingy little room on the second floor over a narrow hall. It is a one-man show; there are no clerks, and when the "company" is out, which he is most of the time, the office door is locked. Beware of spirit irons and "Dedle" pistols, and give Messrs. Orme and Co., of 93 and 94, Chancery Lane, a wide berth. By the way, we have received a complaint that those other pistol providers, M. and G. Clyde, of "Clyde Chambers," 73, Dunlop Street, Glasgow, are still as dilatory as they were a year ago in supplying *their* particular brand of firearms. These tradesmen, though they "stand" long enough, certainly do not "deliver."

A CINEMA FILM FOR NOTHING.

NOT A COMPETITION—A FREE OFFER.

Does any cinema theatre manager wish to have, for nothing, the use of a film running into several thousand feet? It was made by a German firm, and depicts the red-hottest incidents of the Franco-German War, including Sedan, showing from first to last *Deutschland uber Alles*. If any manager wishes to have the pictures free of charge, and to bring down his house—brick by brick—now is his chance. It was sent here by some innocent Teuton company at the beginning of the war.

MUGS AND CRACKPOTS.

CONTAMINATION OF CHURCH CROCKERY.

The first shock of the barbarism of war has been felt in these isles, and, contrary to expectation, the outrage has not happened on the East Coast. Hipperholme, in Yorkshire, has the distinction of bearing the brunt. It appears that the 4th Reserve Battalion of the West Riding Regiment, who are in training at Halifax, went out for a route march under command of Colonel W. H. Land. By prearrangement the men made a halt at Hipperholme, where they were entertained by the District Council with hot coffee and buns, the mugs for the coffee being lent by the Wesleyan Sunday-school. All would have gone as merrily as the proverbial marriage bells had not another host appeared on the scene—who offered beer to the soldiers. A supply of glasses was sent with the beer; but, either from choice, or perhaps because there were not enough glasses to go round, the Wesleyan crockery was used by the depraved soldiers to drink the malt liquor—this being done in full view of the public. Having refreshed themselves, the hosts were thanked, and the battalion resumed its march, the officers and men doubtless cherishing—for the time—pleasant recollections of a happy interlude in their military duties. Colonel Land is probably a man after Shakespeare's own heart, believing that "a quart of ale is a dish for a King"—not that his men had the full Shakespearean quantum. They had but half the measure—though it was enough to shock Mr. P. M. Grainger, the President of the Halifax and District Band of Hope. A meeting of that body was called, at which he strongly denounced the desecration of the Wesleyan mugs by their contamination with beer. Protests from the officials of the Sunday-school regarding the "unholy misuse of Sunday-school property" followed fast and furious—the result being that the gallant Colonel was called upon by the War Office to give an explanation of the matter. At the time of writing, we do not know what action the authorities intend taking, but venture to suggest to Lord Kitchener that so serious an offence can be adequately dealt with only by the trial of Colonel Land by Court Martial.

RELIEVED "RELIEF."

"CHARITY COMMENCES AT HOME"?

From a statement of accounts of the Ellesmere War Relief Fund, published in the *Birkenhead and Cheshire Advertiser*, of November 21st, it would appear that there is a great deal of distress in the district. The report states:—

> During the first month's existence of this fund the sum of £508 15s. 2d. was subscribed, and from the second monthly list it shows the amount of £347 has been subscribed, making a total of £855 11s. 6d., which, after deducting £400 for expenses, leaves a balance in hand of £455 11s. 6d.

We congratulate the committee upon its businesslike management, and hope that the balance in hand will be sufficient to meet next month's "expenses." Or is the word a misprint?

TURNING THE OTHER——EYE.

STRIKING EXAMPLE OF WOMAN'S LOVE.

The wife of an ex-convict, who has answered his country's call, is in deep distress, because she cannot ascertain into which particular regiment her man has enlisted. In a pathetic letter to us, in which she asks that we will endeavour to trace him, she says:—"The last time he got three years was for kicking my eye open, and I wish you would find him, so that I could send him some money, as I am sure his army pay will not be sufficient to keep him in beer and 'bacca." We need not quote more of the forgiving wife's words, but it will be sufficient to state that, as is usual in most ladies' letters, the full force of her epistle is in a postscript, in which she enlarges on the possibility of her loving spouse becoming the recipient of a German bullet, in which case, she says "it is only right and proper that I should be in a position to claim my widow's pension"!

Don't fail to read "Mice and Men I have known" by Horatio Bottomley in our Xmas No.

MORE MYSTERY.

OH, WHERE, AND OH, WHERE IS OTTO SCHLEICHER?

A reader sends us some circular letters he has recently received from the Ceres Works Company, late Otto Schleicher, Warton Road, Stratford, E., which seem to puzzle him—asking for a solution. We must confess, however, we are unable to assist him. The various documents bear statements, printed in red ink, that "in 1908 this firm was acquired by the present owners, who are British," and that "acting on the special desire of some of our most influential clients, this change in name (from Schleicher to the Ceres Works) has taken place August 31st, 1914." Although "Otto Schleicher" is deleted on the communication, which is dated November 19th, that person's name is printed at the end, followed by the words, impressed by a rubber stamp, "Proprietors: T. Stanley and Bros." Another form, bearing the same date, "begs to advise" the recipient of the change of name to which we have referred—a somewhat tardy notification, in view of the fact that nearly three months had elapsed since it took place.

Another "exhibit," as lawyers say, is a form—printed as are the others which we have quoted—entreating the customer to settle up his account, on the ground that "I am doing all I can on my part and have actually paid out more money since the war began than I have received. . . . . If the businesses of this country have to close through the hoarding up of money and credit, the calamity will be appalling." This—although, as will be seen, written in the first person—is signed with the names of the Works Co. and Stanley and Bros. Who are "Stanley and Bros."? And who is the "I" referred to in the correspondence?

A pleasurable way of combining a public charity with a private benefaction is the purchase of the Belgian Relief Fund Children's Painting Book, containing 27 bold drawings by Mr. John Hassall, to be coloured by the youngsters. The whole of the profits will go to aid the distressed Belgians. It is published by Messrs. Odhams Ltd. at a shilling net, and can be heartily recommended to all patriotic parents.

THE DESPATCH RIDER.

Midst the roar and shock of battle,
Booming shells and rifle rattle,
On my trusty, rusty motor, staunch and strong
To the Gen'ral with despatches,
To which vital weight attaches,
Through the dread and deadly dark I dash along.
Oh, there's glory, but there's danger!
You to fear must be a stranger,
You are out to keep the Flag o'er land and sea;
Though your road be ruts and cobbles,
And your motor sways and wobbles,
You have sworn to help to keep the Empire free!

Past deserted trenches, ghostly,
Filled with lifeless Germans, mostly,
To the firing line I steer my throbbing steed;
Careless of the awful bumping,
Of the jumping and the thumping—
Orders are, to do the job at lightning speed
Yes, there's danger, but there's glory
That will live in song and story—
You are out to keep the Flag o'er land and sea;
You may curse when shaky gearing
Adds a peril to the steering—
But—*you've sworn to help to keep the Empire free!*

Are there friends at home, I wonder,
Who can realise the thunder
Of a bursting bomb that shatters senses through;
And the wave of exultation
When you've reached your destination,
And your faithful motor's proved a pal, and true?
Oh, there's glory, but there's danger!
You to fear must be a stranger,
You are out to keep the Flag o'er land and sea;
Britain claims your *best* endeavour,
For you know *'tis now or never*—
And you've sworn to help to keep the Empire free!

M.

THE ZEPPELIN PERIL.

Our Free Insurance (GUARANTEED AT LLOYD'S) against Injury to Home, Limb and Life.

Our scheme for insurance against the Zeppelin Peril has been most enthusiastically received by our readers, in view of the fact that the ordinary fire, life and accident policies of the various insurance offices afford no protection against such a risk as that arising from bombs in time of war.

The arrangements which we have made provide, *free of any cost*, protection not only in regard to life and limb *but also against damage to the home.* There is no necessity to fill up any form of subscription to this journal or to affix stamps to our coupons. *All you have to do is to carry with you the coupon which will be found on page ii. of our cover—after signing it, with name and address* and renew the coupon every week, so as always to have the current week's coupon filled in and upon you. Thus, this week's coupon holds good, in London and twelve miles round, until 8 a.m. on Wednesday, December 16th, and in other parts of the United Kingdom until 8 a.m. on Thursday, December 17th—the difference in dates being explained by the fact that JOHN BULL is published in the London District on Wednesday, and elsewhere on Thursday.

To every person injured on land by the enemy's aircraft within the United Kingdom, and who, before the time of injury, had duly filled up the coupon which will be found on page ii. of the cover of this issue, or of such coupon from any subsequent issue, during the period therein stated, we will pay, to either such person or to the person named:—

As regards persons of 16 years of age and upwards.

In the event of death within 30 days	£500
In the event of injury permanently preventing such person from carrying on his or her usual occupation	£250
In the event of partial disablement	£100
For minor injury	£50

As regards persons under the age of 16 and over the age of 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£250
In the event of total disablement	£100
In the event of partial disablement	£50
In any other case	£25

In the case of children under 12:—

In the event of death, the sum of	£100
In the event of injury involving the loss of any organ or limb	£50
In the event of any other injury	£10
In the event of direct damage to Home or Contents, up to..	£100

We shall not trouble about any question of "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, *and to no one else.*

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of injury to any one person, or in respect of damage to any one home—nor more than a total of £10,000 paid.

We pay the Government Stamp Duty, and *we* pay the premium to Lloyd's. You should fill up a similar coupon for each member of your family, and if you do not require the additional copies of our journal *send them to friends abroad, or to soldiers in hospital or camp*—they will be very glad to have them.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British born subjects, and those of friendly Powers resident in the United Kingdom—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians or Turks, even though "naturalised."*

"JOHN BULL" AND "MARY BULL"—THE ONLY PAPERS INSURING AGAINST LOSS OF HOME, LIMB AND LIFE.

SPIES IN HIGH PLACES.

WHAT THE HOME OFFICE DOESN'T KNOW.—WHAT THE PUBLIC SHOULD KNOW, AND DO.

An extended tour along the South East Coast has convinced one of our Special Commissioners, and he has convinced us, that espionage is undoubtedly rife along the whole line. It would not serve any useful purpose if we gave in detail the reasons which have led to this conclusion. The public has taken the same view for some time, and whilst it has been difficult to discover individual cases of espionage, for reasons which we shall state, no one doubts—and least of all those residing at coast ports—that valuable information *which can be within the knowledge of only a limited number of people*, is being conveyed to the enemy from these shores.

The cry of "Alien Spies" has been overdone. So far as our researches have shown, all aliens, whether suspected of being in the pay of the enemy or not, have been removed from the sea-coasts, and even if some had remained, it is clear that the inhabitants as well as the police would keep careful watch over them. Assuming, however, that this supervision has been lax, what exclusive information could these aliens convey to the enemy, *unless someone having access to official secrets* were at the back of them?

Thus we come back to our first proposition, namely, that there must be, primarily, a leakage in official circles in London, or at some of our chief military and naval depôts, whence important information, not otherwise obtainable, is given to agents at the coast ports acting in the interests of the enemy. If our surmise be correct, we may go further and suggest that the traitors in our camp would certainly not employ foreigners—who would be the first on whom suspicion would fall—to be the channels for communicating the information to the enemy. They would, surely, have in their pay—and we are really ashamed to suggest it, but the facts are all too patent—Englishmen (by name!) who would do the dirty work required of them.

Now if our premises be correct, let us see what is being done at the moment to protect the country. It will be admitted on all hands that the Home Secretary has proved himself entirely incompetent to fulfil the duties of his office. Whatever steps he has taken in the matter have been with an eye to *alien* spies. His mind has evidently been incapable of conceiving the position as we have stated it. But what were the steps which he *has* taken—even in regard to the aliens at the coast? In the House of Commons debate on November 12th he said:—

> As to the coast regions, that is a matter for the chief constables—and the military authorities.

We have caused every possible inquiry to be made into the manner in which cases of suspected espionage in coast regions are dealt with, and have no hesitation in stating that the methods employed are most unsatisfactory.

The Circumlocution Office.

In the several regions visited by our Special Commissioner, the methods employed were to report such a case first to a special or ordinary constable, who told his sergeant, who wrote a report for the Superintendent of the district, who reported to the Chief Constable of the County, who reported to Scotland Yard, who reported to the Home Secretary—who did nothing for some time. When he did act, the person suspected had either carried out his work, or had flown to another part, whilst other officials of the Circumlocution Office entangled themselves and the case submitted to them in red-tape, and strangled it. When Mr. Asquith was asked in the House of Commons on November 18th to consider the question of instituting a Committee of Public Safety to deal with the espionage question, he blandly negatived the proposal by stating that:—

> On the advice of the Committee of Imperial Defence there was established at the War Office an Intelligence Department, which co-operates with the Admiralty, and has the assistance of the civil power whenever necessary.

And that the suggestion made

> Would not relieve any responsibility from the existing authorities, unless he purposed to transfer to the proposed Committee of Public Safety the naval and military forces of the Crown, and the police forces now controlled in the Metropolis by the Government and elsewhere by the local police authorities.

We should like to say, with all due respect, that this is tosh. To commence with, having regard to what the Home Secretary does not do, we have no faith in the Intelligence Department, which "co-operates with the Admiralty and the War Office, and is assisted by the civil power whenever necessary"! The Admiralty and the War Office have quite sufficient on hand in coping with the enemy abroad, without being bothered to deal with the traitors in our midst. As for the civil power, we have shown how that works. Thus the Intelligence Department appears to be just one more establishment to keep certain officials in comfortable billets.

Local Committees.

At the Constitutional Club on November 25th, the spy peril was made the subject of the first political discussion of the present session. Mr. Joynson Hicks, M.P., in the course of the debate, stated that he had received numerous letters from complete strangers describing cases of suspected espionage, and he advocated that

> There should be a Government Department, with a responsible man at the head, to whom every Englishman might write with the certainty that his suspicions would be thoroughly and promptly inquired into.

We agree, but would go even further. At the moment, local bodies are being organised at coast ports and in towns as Emergency Committees to assist the military in case of invasion. In like manner, we ask representative citizens in coast towns to form themselves into local committees of Public Safety, for the purpose of receiving and investigating every case of suspected espionage which may occur in their midst. When so investigated, those cases which may appear to them to require action should be reported to us, and we will make it our business to force the authorities to set the law in motion.

It is obvious that such committees of local residents would be in a far better position to get at the bottom of cases submitted to them than the local police—who merely investigate them, and do not follow them up after having despatched their reports through the circuitous routes we have mentioned. Our Special Commissioner has laid the suggestion we now make before leading residents at several coast towns, and it has been received most enthusiastically. We shall be glad therefore to hear from those of our readers who agree with us that the scheme is not only workable, but, if carried out, should be of material assistance in exterminating not only the persons actually engaged in conveying important information to the enemy, but also in tracing those in the employ of the Crown who are supplying them with such information.

A real treat—"John Bull" Xmas Number. On sale everywhere, Friday, 2d.

The British Bulldog.

"His face slopes backwards so that he can breathe without letting go."

The case of Rheumatism or Gout which Kruschen Salts cannot benefit has yet to be discovered. This famous British remedy is also recommended by Medical Men in cases of Lumbago, Sciatica, Eczema, Constipation, and Liver and Kidney Disorders.

KRUSCHEN AT THE FRONT

Since the outbreak of the War, enormous quantities of Kruschen Salts have been ordered by, and delivered to the British Authorities, for the use of the British Forces overseas and in the Base Hospitals at home. Kruschen Salts are prescribed by Medical men the world over.

THE WORD KRUSCHEN

The trade mark "Kruschen" is a legacy—handed down from generation to generation of the family of Evan Griffiths Hughes, the sole Manufacturers of Kruschen Salts, and one of the oldest firms of Manufacturing Chemists in the County of Lancashire. Established 1754—160 years ago.

Kruschen SALTS

1/6 per bottle of all Chemists.

1/6 per bottle of all Chemists.

ARE ALL BRITISH

SOLE MANUFACTURERS. ESTABLISHED 1754.
E. Griffiths Hughes (Kruschen), Ltd., 68, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

THE PICTURE PUZZLE RAMP.

SKIN FOOD AND NAIL POLISH FOR SUCCESSFUL GREENHORNS.

"I had to sacrifice an article worth 10s. 6d. for 2s. 6d. to make up sufficient money to send for the casket. I also had to enclose four stamps for packing and postage. It cost me 4s. 1d. altogether. . . . I am sorry to say I have had no reply to my order, and have not received any casket. . . . I can ill afford to lose the money, as I am unable to earn a living through having met with an accident 15 years ago. I have had six months on a water bed and six on an air bed, and am suffering terribly. I do not know where to look for the next shilling, and the landlord is pressing me for the rent."

This is an extract from a pathetic epistle sent to us by one of the victims of "The Royaline Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 58, Ludgate Hill." He had been successful in one of those ridiculously easy picture puzzle contests, and believed that he was in for a share of the £200 offered as prize money. He complied with the usual stipulation by fulfilling the "one easy condition, which need cost you nothing"—that is to say, he forwarded the sum of 4s. for a precious "casket" containing shampoo powder, skin food, tooth powder, rice powder, a tablet of soap, nail polish and a tooth brush. A smile may be raised by the circumstance that a man who cannot earn a living and is being dunned by his landlord should send money for a casket of goods fitted only for my lady's boudoir; but the fact is that he was caught by the old wheeze—"fulnl the conditions by making the purchase and we will send the proportion of prize-money won by you." We have had a look at the premises of this Royaline Company and found them to be on a third floor, over a tailor's shop on Ludgate Hill. The one little room which is the home of the "manufacturing chemists" contained a couple of chairs, a table and typewriter, and two flappers of tender years, who explained that the only work done there was the typing of names and addresses. Twice a week the "assistant secretary" visited them; but the "boss," of whom they saw little, was a Mr. Levy, of 9, Sun Street, Finsbury Square, which is the address of the notorious British Watch Company, which we have already exposed. We wish our poor deluded correspondent much benent from his nail polish, skin food, and rice powder; but warn him and others to beware of the sharks who offer prizes in competitions that are as simple as the works of a wheelbarrow, on the understanding that, if successful, they will ful..l the "one condition that will cost you nothing." In the present ease, the cost to the victim was four shillings and a penny.

INSURED!

Bang and rattle, little bomb,
Where the hell did *you* come from?
"From a Zeppelin on high,
Sailing proudly in the sky."
You'll excuse my asking you,
What did you intend to do?
"I intended to destroy
Man or woman, girl or boy,
Horse or dog, or cat, or mouse,
Palace, hospital or house,
In the hope that dire dismay
Would make the Britons run away."
If you fancied, little bomb,
You're a thing we'd scuttle from,
Great is the mistake you've made—
We are not a bit afraid!
Risks all mortals hourly run
From the dawn till set of sun,
And in London, most of all,
No one knows what may befall.
True, our streets we render dark,
Lest they should afford a mark;
And across the clouds by night
Sweep projected beams of light;
But that does not mean that we
Tremble with trepidity.
"You surprise me! For I thought
Fear would follow my report!"
Bah! To danger we're innured,
And—thanks to JOHN BULL—*We're insured!*—W.M.

No home will be complete this Christmas without the

BLACK CAT WAR GAME

It will be played in every Camp where Kitchener's new Army is being trained.

It is, without question, the game of the season. Easy to play as draughts or dominoes, the youngsters will enjoy it as they learn the lessons of strategy in war, and emulate their soldier brothers fighting their way to Berlin. As full of absorbing interest as bridge or chess, the older folk will find the long winter evenings all too short when the home is provided with a **BLACK CAT WAR GAME.**

You couldn't send a more acceptable Christmas present to your own soldier "boy" getting ready for the front.

The Black Cat War Game consists of a hinged board 19½ inches by 16½ inches printed in seven colours, twenty-two pieces or men (no dice), and book of rules. It is not a toy or a "catch," but a genuine game, the equal of most at Half-a-Crown.

SEND 20 COUPONS from Black Cat Cigarette packets and 2d. stamps for postage, and address your letter: WAR GAME, Black Cat Cigarettes, City Road, London.

Black Cat
CIGARETTES

MILD 10 for 3d. MEDIUM 10 for 2½d.

You must send early if you want it in time for Christmas, as the demand is already so great that it takes two or three days to execute orders.

HAVE YOU A CHILD ?

IF SO, WILL YOU HELP SOME LITTLE BELGIAN CHILD TO FOOD and WARMTH and SHELTER ?

THERE are children in Belgium who have lost father and mother ere they have learned to lisp their parents' names. Children shelterless, children lost, children almost foodless and wholly comfortless. Children whose little brothers and sisters—oh, the pity of it!—have proved "food for shot" or bombs. Children shaken by the terror of it all, who may die unless tender care and proper food are swiftly forthcoming.

While your own children are playing and romping in security this Christmastide—thanks largely to the Belgian army—will you not help that other army of defenceless Belgian children who cannot help themselves? See to it that there is some brightness in their Christmas.

WILL YOU GIVE A SHILLING FOR EVERY YEAR EACH OF YOUR CHILDREN HAS LIVED IN SHELTER & HAPPINESS ?

If the suffering children themselves could stretch out their tiny hands to you, how gladly you would fill them. But the horror of it is so far away that imagination cannot grasp its full import. Try for one moment quietly to picture to yourself what all this baby-suffering means.

POST THIS—IF YOU CAN—TO DAY

THE "JOHN BULL" BELGIAN FUND.
(In association with "The Daily Telegraph.")

I enclose shillings, being one shilling for every year that each of my children have spent in shelter and happiness.

Name ..... *Address* .....

Cheques or postal orders should be crossed "London City and Midland Bank," and be made payable to "The Daily Telegraph Fund," and addressed to the Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, W.C., and the envelopes clearly marked "Belgian Fund." Treasury notes should be sent in registered envelopes.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Majesty King George V.

SIR,—Permit me, in the name of your subjects, to tender first my thanks for your high-minded and public-spirited action in going to the front, and cheering your soldiers in the trenches; and, secondly, my congratulations on your safe return. My only regret—knowing that your Majesty is, perhaps, the finest shot in the country, is that you had no opportunity of having a pop at the Kaiser. May I, however, be allowed to make a suggestion? Why not run down to the Chapel Royal at Windsor, with your gun, and put a bull's eye through his coat of arms, still hanging there amongst those of the Knights of the Noble Order of the Garter? God Save your Majesty! JOHN BULL.

To His Majesty King Albert of Belgium.

SIR,—My respectful congratulations upon receiving at the hands of my King the Garter, our most ancient Order of Chivalry. Are you aware, however, that the Butcher of Berlin still flaunts his coat of arms in the Chapel Royal at Windsor, and would not you desire its removal before placing your banner there? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum.

DEAR CHIEF,—Can you spare time to run down to Shoreham Camp, and, after working your way through the slush to the half-demolished tents and the tottering huts, and listening to the coughs and sneezes of the boys not yet sent to hospital, have a look at the unoccupied three miles close by, known as Bungalow Town—comprising hundreds of bungalows, with the natural drainage of the beach, and with splendid access to Shoreham Harbour? It won't occupy you more than half-a-day.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, London.

DEAR FIRST LORD,—I do not wish to worry or hurry anybody in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth; but did anything startling happen off the coast of Anywhere in October which has not yet been reported? Pardon my audacity.

JOHN BULL.

To Major A. F. Poulton, Chief Constable of Berkshire.

SIR,—According to the *Reading Standard*, you have been pleased to state that there is remarkably little crime in Berkshire, but "whether this is because of increased police supervision or because of the exodus to the Army and Navy" you are unable to say. If you are unable to say, why did you? Why do you, an officer of the Army, suggest that if the decrease of crime is not due to your own activities as Chief of Police, it is due to the absence from the county of the men who fight our battles by land or sea? And why do you drag in the Army and Navy at all in such a connection, unless you intend directly or indirectly to defame them? Cannot a Chief Constable find something more creditable to do? If not, he had better shut his mouth and twiddle his thumbs.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P.

DEAR JOHN,—Haven't you now sulked long enough? Come, man, you have a fine opportunity. Don't go on hiding your head in the sand. Come out and help your fellow men. Even if you could still think your country wrong in having gone to war, remember it *is* your country and she *is* at war. You have earned for yourself, by good, honest work, a competence which makes you independent of personal anxiety for the necessaries and comforts of life—and the least you can now do is to come out and cheer the people of whom you are so distinguished a son. For Heaven's sake—and your own—do not let your name go down in history with those of Keir Hardie and Ramsay Macdonald—who, after all, have been your bitterest foes during the period of your political prosperity.

Come, John, pull yourself together. JOHN BULL.

To General Joffre, Quartier-General, France.

MON CHER GENERAL,—I am very glad to learn that you have agreed with Field Marshal French to admit a certain number of war correspondents at the front instead of keeping them all at the back. Pray do not think me indiscreet in saying that there is a strong feeling in this country that we ought to know a little more about the war, more especially as we are paying a lot towards it. Our Headquarters have got into the habit of saying a few yards of nothing about once a month, while all we learn from yours is a constant repetition of two bulletins—one that you have very carefully advanced from —— to —— and the other that you have not less carefully decided to stay where you are in spite of all the efforts of the enemy to push you elsewhere. To this news, in this country, is from time to time added rumours of events about which the Admiralty would rather say nothing until the Christmas after next, though they fly about all the clubs, are suitably classed at Lloyd's, are reported in all the German and American papers, are strictly true, and will neither make the sturdy Briton bunk from the front or funk in the rear. We, therefore, arrive at the position that when the news is rather good you tell us as little as possible; that when it is shocking bad Whitehall tells us nothing at all; and that when the war correspondents cannot find out whether it is bad or good they start mixing it up till it reads like a collaboration of Ananias, Hieronymus, Karl Friedrich von Munchausen, Monsieur de Rougemont, and Jeremy Diddler. Even "Eye Witness" thinks it is our chief delight to read remarks about the weather and stories of the scenery; while the learned Buckmaster, head of our Press Bureau, absolutely resents the suggestion that any of us is in a fit state of mind to be told where the weather is taking place or how to locate the scenery. This said, you will compranny that I—meaning all of us this side the sea—regard with high pleasure the promise of a change in the strategical literature. Accept thanks from me, Illustrious, and be assured of my most profound esteem and undying gratitude.

JOHN BULL.

To General Rudolph Christian De Wet, c.o. General Botha, South Africa.

GENERAL,—Though in the ordinary way of things I have usually some difficulty in bringing my mind even to the trial and execution of a garden beetle, this is regretfully to inform you that I shall receive with more than ordinary pleasure the news that you have been shot, or, for preference, hanged. It is impossible that you can justify treason so blackguardly; I cannot find in the circumstances and conditions in which it arose anything to palliate it. You voluntarily signed the Peace of Vereeniging; you subsequently took the oath of loyalty to the Sovereign and held office as one of his Majesty's Ministers in the Union Government; and to choose a time of war to plot an insurrection with the King's enemies and lead armed forces of disaffection is as black a treachery as any which has stained the pages of our Empire's history. I can find no compassion in my heart for so foul a betrayer and so base a crime. Once I thought better of you, hoped better of you, and wished better for you; now I could see you shot or hanged without a quiver or a qualm. If ever a man deserved a traitor's fate it is you; this you know as well as I do, for you have cast the traitor's die—and lost.

JOHN BULL.

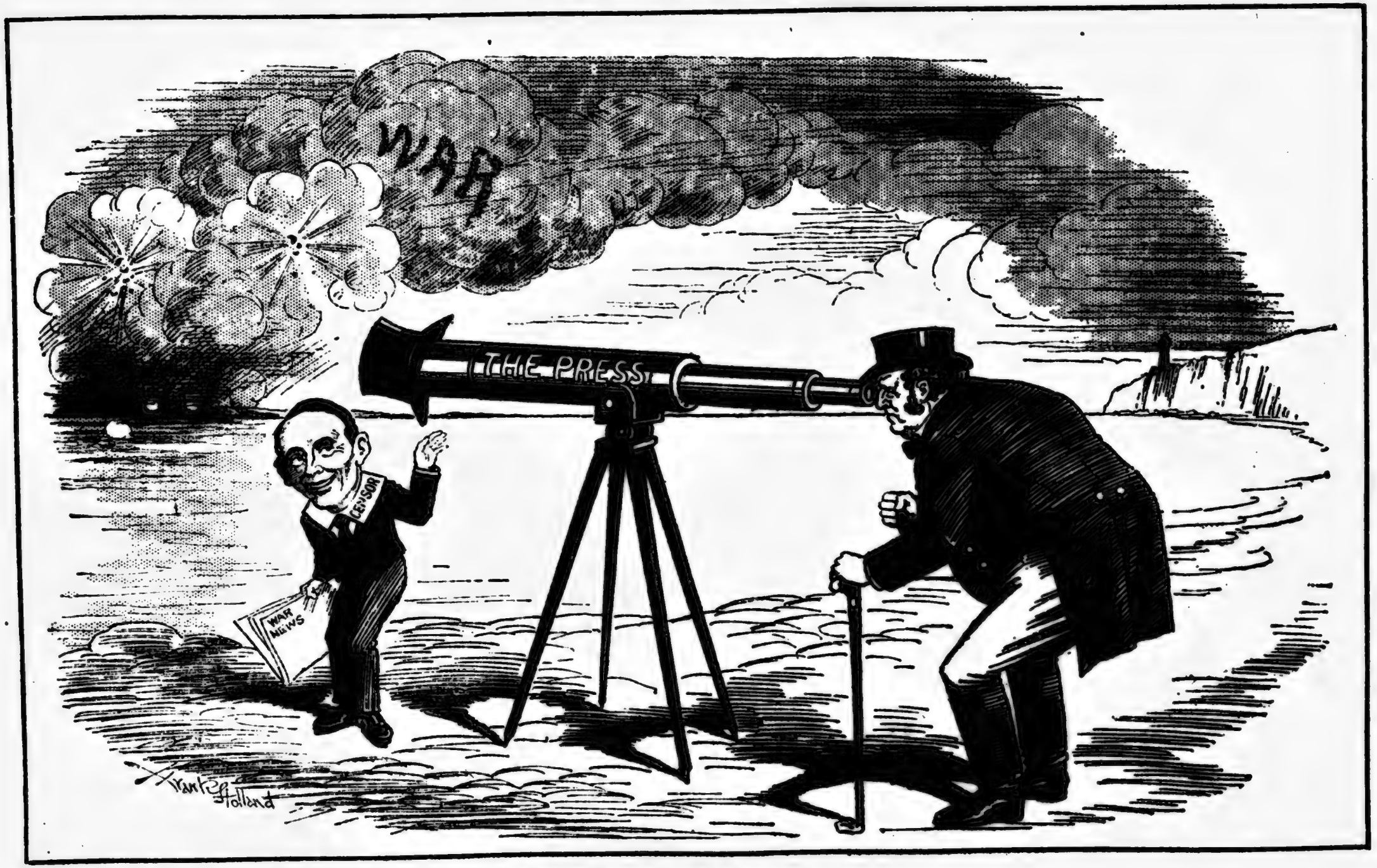
To Mr. and Mrs. Inmate, The Workhouse, Clutton, Somersetshire.

DEAR FRIENDS,—With great regret I have to inform you that, as a result of the action of certain holy and secular aquamosities on the Board of Guardians, you will be deprived of your Christmas beer this year, in celebration of the war. The Rev. J. Kempton, a gentleman named Cox, and nine other Guardians have arrived at the conclusion that, as they do not intend to drink beer this Christmas, neither must you, as it might embarrass the French, German and Belgian armies in their operations on the field of battle, as well as incite you to excessive merriment at a crisis in our national affairs which Field-Marshal Lloyd George can only conduct to an appropriate conclusion if we all abhor the barrel and rally at the pump. With compliments and best wishes for Christmas and the New year.

JOHN BULL.

The "John Bull" Pen Coupon is on page ii. of cover.

CENS.—OR NONSENSE (?)



PUTTING THE "LID" ON.

WHAT SHALL WE GET OUT OF IT?

By JEROME K. JEROME.

(The following is one of a series of Special Articles which we are publishing from the pens of well-known writers. We do not necessarily identify ourselves with the views expressed.)

Are we going to capture German trade? I have had the advantage, during the past few weeks, of listening to the opinions of business men on the other side of the Herring Pond, and of asking questions. The general view was that a certain percentage would come our way, but by no means the larger share; and against even the moderate asset there is quite an important debit to be entered—viz., the loss of German custom. Conquered Germany and Austria, even if left with the means, are not going to purchase more than they can help from Britain. In our ledger, for a generation at least, we may mark off the accounts with Germany and Austria as closed.

Nor do I think is it going to bring to our British jingoes all the satisfaction they are hoping for. The idea would seem to be, among a certain noisy section of our publicists, that having fought for, say, two years to teach Germany the evils of militarism, we are going, after we have driven it from Potsdam, to offer the Monster a palace in Whitehall. These writers and talkers generally begin their exhortations with an attack on von Bernhardi, followed by stern rebuke of the German people for having allowed themselves to be misguided by such teachers as Nietzsche and Treitschke. The late Professor Cramb, in reproving German schoolmen for their obsession on the subject of war, speaks of the "loathsome sentiment" underlying all proposals for the reduction of armaments, and can hardly restrain his contempt at the folly of "all this peace talk." His followers refer to the men who are fighting Britain's battles at the wage of a shilling a day as "hirelings" or "mercenaries." The infamy of it!

I do not think our half-baked Bernhardis, our Nietzsches and water are going to get their conscription. This war is going to prove beyond all argument that, so long as we maintain our supremacy on the sea, these islands can remain free from the poison of conscription. A few old fogies of the "England going to the dogs, sir," school; a certain number of jumpy invalids, of the type that is always looking under the bed for a burglar, may have honestly convinced themselves that it is needful for us. Its more intelligent advocates are not thinking of defence. Their dream is that Britain may take Germany's place as the Bully of Europe. All the foolish pride, all the insane delusions that are being uprooted out of Germany, they would transplant to British soil: Germany, the universal dictator! Germany, God's appointed regent upon earth! German "culture" to be forced by blood and iron upon the nations—for their good! Substitute "Britain" for "Germany," and you have the real object of the majority of those writers and speakers who are clamouring that the yoke of Militarism shall be planted on free British necks.

Some of them have convinced themselves that war is a moral and physical regenerator. Christ, with these good folks, is getting out of date. They have fashioned—or rather dug up—a God more in their own image; he is the "God of battles," and apparently of nothing else. To avoid repetition, he is occasionally referred to as "The Lord"; the qualifying adjective "war" being, of course, understood. Others see in conscription a means of keeping the working classes in their place. Conscription means a military aristocracy. It means a proletariat kept under discipline. Should it show signs of restlessness, an opportune war, involving a little useful blood-letting, can easily be prescribed.

Conscription means Militarism, and Militarism means war. A military caste is established whose whole preoccupation is war. If it does its duty, it organises the whole nation for war. And when the machine is finished and ready to its hand—well, it is only human nature to take it out of the shed.

I think we shall come out of this war with a distaste of fighting. It will not be from cowardice. It will be from pity and sorrow. A new generation may listen with new ears to the beating of the drums. They have not heard the weeping; they have not seen the tears. But we who have lived through these years will have had our fill of war. We have drunk deep of the draught, and it was bitter. The blood thirst will not be the heritage this war will bequeath us.

I think we are going to get out of it a finer sense of values.

I think the worship of wealth is going to be driven out from amongst us. Our young men will have happier dreams, truer ambitions. Life, service, manhood will call to them. They have passed the wide-open doors of death, have caught a vista of the judgment hall beyond. The guinea stamp will no longer be accepted as the hall-mark of man's value.

I think that snobbery is going to be shaken to its roots. Henry Hopkins is going to come back to his office stool with more self-respect than he took away with him. He will have learned that, when the crisis came, it was he and his comrades of the workshop and the counter and the furrowed field that saved the country. The much-chronicled doings of my Lord Tom Noddy, of my Lady Vere de Vere in the neighbourhood of the Savoy supper room, will appear to him less world-stirring than of yore.

I think there is going to be less apish laughter through the land. The clown is going to be relegated to his proper place: where he can be useful instead of harmful. Contemplation of God's universe is going to afford us less amusement than heretofore. So, after all, life was real—quite a serious affair, even to the well-to-do.

I think this war is going to weld us together into one people—perhaps for the first time in our history. The Boer war divided us: as the Manchurian war divided Russia, as the later wars of Napoleon divided France. They were wars for profit, for aggrandisements, wars for the mere sake of war. In such way lie the breaking up of Empires. To-day England has found herself. We have found that there is an English idea. I can see Henry the Fifth in shining armour leading shadowy Norman chivalry, ghostly Saxon archers against this modern Dragon of Feudalism. I see St. George waiting, invisible, before the trenches of the Aisne. I see old Noll and his long lines of Ironsides, Bible and sword in hand. He would have loved to be with us in this fight. Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, with their rugged followers. They lie in their bloody graves. But the thing they fought for, it is part of England. It has never died. We are fighting for it now. Old Colonel Newcombe, Gurth the swineherd: yeoman and churl and knight: it is in our blood. It is England, mother of free peoples, mother of parliaments. We are out to fight feudalism, militarism, blood and iron, the enslavement of the people. We are out to fight for the idea that England—groping, not always certain of her way—has always stood for: free thought, free speech, free life. It has brought us together, at last. We are one people.

Buy, Buy, Buy — at John Bull's Store

John Bull's Store has been established to supply the British public with the highest grade goods at prices previously unheard of – the very limit of cheapness.

GUARANTEE.

Every article is submitted to the Editor of "John Bull" before being advertised. Any customer dissatisfied with the purchase will have the money returned in full.

WONDERFUL XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

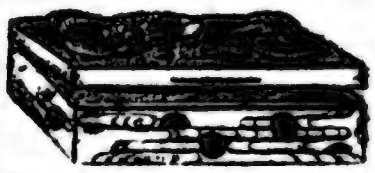
We give below a selection of articles specially suitable for Xmas and New Year's Gifts. Each carries the above guarantee—"satisfaction or money back." Select your presents *now*—you can make no better choice.

THE "JOHN BULL" SHAVING SET.

This is our tit-bit this week—a 25s. shaving set for 7s. 6d.!—the biggest bargain gift ever offered. Includes—nickel-plated safety razor—the highest grade—with 6 blades and 2 plated sheaths for blades; nickel-handle shaving brush; nickel-case soap-holder with soap. In sumptuous leather box. Only a limited number in stock. Send now, orders executed in rotation.

"JOHN BULL STORE" PRICE, 7/6 Post Free.

CIGARETTE or TRINKET CASE.



A lasting and beautiful gift for lady or gentleman. Made in antimony, exquisitely embossed with eastern designs. Appearance like silver. In two sizes. State price wanted.

POST FREE 3/- & 4/-

FOR THE SMOKER.

The "John Bull" Smoker's Set. A perfect smoker's companion. In gift box. Handsome sweet-smoking briar, pipe cleaners and red leather pouch. A joy-gift for a smoker.

2/- POST FREE 2/3

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR A LADY.

Beautiful boot-set. Comprises perfectly finished button-hook and shoe-horn with *Real Silver* handles. In handsome leather case, satin lined.

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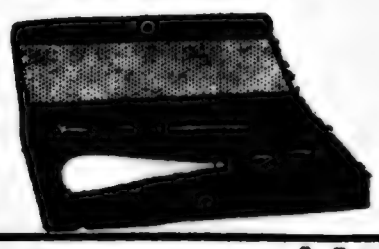


DARNING MACHINE FOR EVERY HOME.

A necessity in every home. Complete in itself. A child can work it. Saves time and makes darning a pleasure. In box with full instructions.

1/3 POST FREE & 2/6 POST FREE

A Small Selection of

WONDERFUL DOLLS, BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED, 5/6 & 7/11 CARRIAGE PAID.

Cannot be purchased at *double the price*. Call and see them.

¶ Everybody loves a bargain, but bargains are elusive things. To find a bargain means a piece of surprising good fortune. Yet bargains are always to be had; the task is to find them. Now, the purpose of "John Bull's Store" is to pick them out for you. And that we are going to do for "John Bull" readers and their friends. The Store is now open—shopping by call or post. Our first "window show" gives but a poor idea of the store, though we offer "bargains" in the real sense of the term. From now onwards, we shall display before you goodsyou really want, and offer them to you at prices that are "the limit" of cheapness. Keep your eye on "John Bull's Store." It will pay you.

Orders with remittances should be addressed—The Manager,

John Bull's Store, Brownlow House, 51, High Holborn, London, W.C.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are at present stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but wherever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress, we at once afford temporary relief—giving anything from £1 to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also in exceptional instances make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war.

The following is a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week :—

Poor old widow with two sons. One answered country's call and died in France from wounds. Other son at home earns a small wage and maintains home, being aided by half-a-crown from Guardians. Mother had 6s. separation allowance during time her son was fighting. As soon as Guardians heard that she had War Office allowance, they stopped the 2s. 6d. Now that the son has been killed, and the 6s. stopped, we sincerely hope that they will renew the small grant.

Royal Artillery sergeant, married, wounded in the battle of the Aisne, returned to this country, and was obliged to have his left foot amputated. He is discharged from hospital and awaits the decision of the Medical Board. This man is, of course, of excellent character, and is in possession of a first-class certificate of education. For some time he was acting schoolmaster. He is very desirous of obtaining some clerical situation. Perhaps one of our readers can help. We would gladly forward address.

Another soldier, also wounded on the Aisne—bullet entered a cavity caused by two missing teeth, cut right along the man's tongue, and came out immediately below his right ear, just behind jaw bone. He is making satisfactory progress. No doubt our little contribution will assist him to procure extra nourishment.

"Unofficial wife," lives in Scotland, with one child. "Husband," a Reservist, has been away 17 weeks. During whole of this time woman had only a total of 12s. from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. Being behind with rent, threatened with eviction. At end September the Association promised a well-known gentleman that they would pay the rent. They have not done so. When pressed they offered to pay one month, which landlord declined.

Widow with two sons in fighting line—both Reservists. Before going to the war contributed to her support. Called up suddenly, had no time to make allotment of pay, being drafted to France at once. Mother thus left practically destitute. S. and S. F. A. refused to help her because her sons had not lodged allotment papers. Documents now sent to Regimental Paymaster; it will doubtless be forwarded to front for sons to fill up. Meantime we have helped the old woman.

Married woman, deserted by husband, took up with another man, with whom she has been living for 15 years. Now five children of the *liaison*, and she is daily expecting another. Her "husband" has enlisted, and all she has received since the war commenced is 12s. 6d. from the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association—no money whatever from the War Office.

Wife of man who lost his life on H.M.S. *Cressy* is in a very delicate state of health. Two children; mother obliged to get someone to look after them

Eldest son of a widowed mother, with seven other children, writes to her pathetic letter, enclosing whole of his pay, except a shilling. Distress Committee allowing the woman 13s. a week, out of which she has 6s. 9d. rent and 1s. 6d. Insurance to pay, besides several other little items.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

R. W. W., 1s. 7d.; J. A. W., parcel; "Truth-lover," 5s.; "A Girl," 4s.; "South Glencraig," 1s.; W. and G. (Chingford), 3s. 6d.; J. P. (Ilford), 1s. 1d.; P. G. M. (Inverness), 5s.; B. H. B. (Bombay), £1; "A Soldier's Family" (Barrackpore, India), 5s.; D. L., 2s.; E. M., 1s.; "Blatchfordite," 5s.; F. E. J., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s; W. N. P. (Hants), 2s.6d., "Admirer," 1s.; D. B. B., 2s. 6d.; W. H. W., 1s.; G. W., 1s.; "22, Liverpool," 1s.; J. H., 1s.; "Policeman and his Mate," 3s.; D. L. E., 2s. 6d.; "Dorothy and Edna" (per E. W. E.), 7s. 6d.; A. M. M., 1s.; "A Girl Reader," 5s.; A. R. D., 1s.; "Sheila," 5s.; H. V. G., 4s.; G. O. S., 2s. 6d.; "Pat," 4s. 6d.; "Old Soldier," £1; F. S. M., £1; Mrs. A. S., 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s.; Gnr. M. (Fort McNabs), 2s. 3d.; A. E. D., 1s.; J. F., 1s.; J. S., 1s.; J. W. B., 15s.; F. D. W. and G. D. W., 1s.; E. L. D., 6d.; G. H., 6d.; Anon., 6d.; A. H. B., 6d.; J. D., 6d.; H. B., 6d.; A. K., 6d.; G. J. H., 6d.; H. B. H., 6d.; Mrs. R. H., 3d.; G. J. K. S., 5s.; Mrs. T. F., 10s.; "Civil Servant," £1; W. O., 1s.; Mrs. R. F. (Winnipeg), 3s. 6d.; W. McD., 6d.; W. G. M., 5s.; T. B. B., 1s.; J. L. F., 1s; "Lancer's Wife," 2s. 6d.; J. H. R., 3d.; A. H., 3s.; W. P. (Sidcup), 5s.; H. S., 5s.; V. W. K., 2s. 6d.; A. M., 1s.; "Standing-load," 6d.; E. E. T., 5s.; "N. G., 51," 10s.; "The Stewards of the s.s. *Anchises*," £5; J. E. E. (Swansea), 1s.; J. S. (Blackpool), 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s.; "A Well-wisher," 5s.; "A Soldier's Wife," parcel; A. K. A., 1s.; C. C., 1s.; M. B., 1s.; P. E., 1s.; Mrs. B., 6d.; "The Children of the Church High School for Girls, Leek," 6s.; G. H. P. (Ottawa), 2 dollars; T. L. E., 6d.; D. W. L., 10s.; A. G. (New Cross), parcel; T. W. R., 1s.; E. C. B., 5s.; W. C. 1s.; M. L., parcel; H. J., parcel; Anon., 1s.; Mrs. H., 1s.; "Irish Volunteer," 2s. 6d.; A. W. S., 1s.; "Widow's Mite," 1s.; M. W. E., £1; Mrs. D., 1s.; F. C., 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; M. H., 5s.

A Plaistow reader writes us that, as he cannot serve the Government owing to age and accidents, and feels he must do something to help, he is prepared to send to our War Relief Fund 2½ per cent. of his weekly wages—and encloses two remittances of 1s. 4d. each, being the first fortnight's instalment. Needless to say, we have been delighted to accept the money. His generous action compares very favourably with even most of the very largest subscriptions to the official funds.

Mr. J. E. Hough, of Messrs. J. E. Hough, Ltd., Edison Bell Works, Glengall Road, S.E., after calling and carefully going through our War Relief Fund files, has handed us a cheque for £25, being a portion of the amount set aside for national necessities from the profits of the firm's "Winner" records. Messrs. Hough have also made a handsome donation of 14,000 records and a number of gramophones to the various ships of the Grand Fleet, besides subscribed to the Prince of Wales' and other funds We thank the firm for this generous contribution, especially as it is accompanied by a high tribute to the efficiency of our own Fund.

FOR THE POOR AT CHRISTMAS.

Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd., 1 gross 1d. milk chocolate, 1 gross 1d. Vinello, 1 gross 1d. Vanilla, 2 gross 1d. bundles, 2 gross 1d. cream, 1 doz. knives; Messrs. S. Schneiders and Son, Durward Street, 12 boys' odd jackets, 12 boys' odd vests, 12 boys' odd knickers; Sir Thomas Lipton, 2,000 meat pies; Oddenino's Imperial Restaurant, 100 Christmas puddings; "Monarch 452," dress suit. Parcels of clothing, toys, etc., from H. P. (Hounslow), "Eve and A. M. B.," Mrs. A. M., "One who would Like to do More," D. M. F. (Southend), A. R., Ethel L. Dewson, H. D., "Papa's Darling," Mrs. C. M. S., Mrs. A., Mrs. A. B.

T. W. P., 10s.; J. & E. P., 2s. 6d.; G. S., 5s.; E. C., 2s.; "3½ Months Unemployed," 3s.; W. H. K., 10.; S. P. (Ipswich), 2s.; "Ex-Londoner," 1s.; "Alah," 2s. 6d.; F. N. (Lincoln), 4s.; "Cerastees," 1s.; M. I. G., £2 2s.; M. H., 6d.; N. Mac C., 2s.; H.W. (Mortlake), 2s. 6d.; L. P., 10s.; D. W. L., 10s.

(*See appeal on page 9.*)

Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Every postal order should be crossed.

WHAT HAVE *YOU* GIVEN?

Result of our No. 7 Football Contest. For winners see page 31.

A Special Offer to YOU.

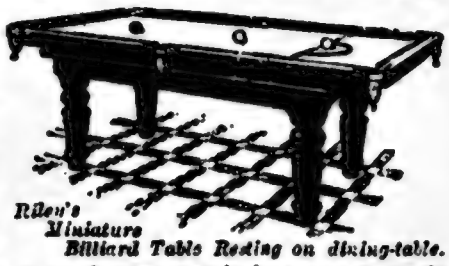
For this Winter—and many Winters—continual amusement and recreation assured by a small first payment of 8/6.

SEVEN DAYS' TRIAL of Perfect Billiard Table in YOUR HOME—FREE.

Indoor amusements are greatly in demand this winter for many reasons, and more especially with the Christmas festivities so near. Your home will be bright and cheerful this winter, and for many winters to come, with a Riley Billiard Table in the home circle. And

BILLIARDS AT HOME

in the Riley way is so economical that the cost is never felt on the household exchequer—in fact, thousands of parents can testify that it is an investment the returns from which cannot be gauged.



Riley's Miniature Billiard Table Resting on dining-table.

Now, the game of billiards has a tremendous fascination for everyone. See a youngster, for instance, barely tall enough to handle a cue properly, have a smack at the red, just let him duke a cannon, and if you attempt to drag him away from that table there'll be trouble. Watch that same boy a few years hence.

HE HAS DEVELOPED

a delicate sense of touch, he knows something about angles and plays to leave the balls for the next shot; later still he even sees two shots ahead. And so on until later in life he has his game, his interest in the game is even keener than ever—is it any wonder that billiards, with its inexhaustible store of fascination and interest, is called the "king of indoor games"?

BILLIARDS AT HOME

is the irresistible magnet that draws everyone home, and keeps them there, and Riley's of Accrington, are now making thousands of perfectly proportioned "Miniature" Tables to fit every sized room, and have also made the buying terms so easy that they offer for

2s. 6d. DOWN

and twelve small monthly payments of 2s. 6d., to deliver free one of their popular size Miniature Tables, measuring 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. (Cash price £5 5s.), to any home within one mile of the nearest railway station in the United Kingdom, on a seven days' free trial. This size table will fit any ordinary sized room, and is so perfectly proportioned, that even the best players can have a good game on it.

The father of a family may be uncertain as to the reception of a table if installed in his house; in which case he may send for a table, play on it every day if he wishes for a week, and, if after that time he decides against it, all he has to do is to repack it, and Riley's will have it removed at their expense. Apart from the Miniature, Riley's have another home billiard table, the

"COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING-TABLE.

This forms a very handsome piece of furniture as a dining-table, and in a few seconds can be converted into a first-class billiard table, true in every detail and all accessories included. The prices range from £13 10s. to £32, according to size, and this table can also be had in 13 or 18 monthly payments. **FREE** on receipt of a postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables and small or full-sized tables, and sundries. Write for it to-night.

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This is the Finest Cutlery Value in the World. No other popular-priced service can equal it, and it is emphatically the greatest triumph of the Sheffield Cutlery Industry. We do not ask you to merely take our word for it. We want you to send to-day for this service and impartially judge its merits yourself in your own home.

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THE KNIVES are of Genuine Sheffield Steel of warranted temper, excellent workmanship & beautiful finish. The handles are of ivory texture Ivorette, the best substitute for the finest African Ivory known.

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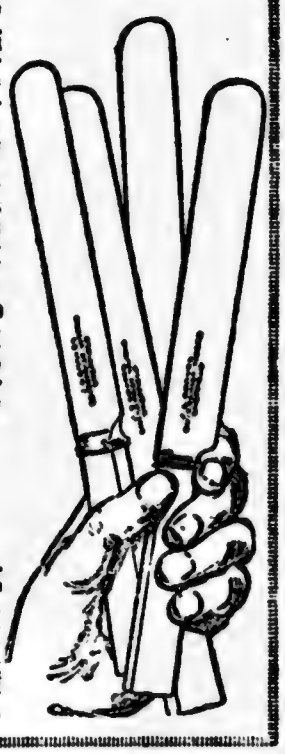

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6 Table Knives	6 Egg Spoons
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1 Pair Genuine Sheffield Forged Double Shear Steel Carvers, 9-in Blade, Ivorette Handles

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LAMBETH BOARD OF GUARDIANS

SECRET MEETING. CONFIDENTIAL REPORT. (PASSED BY THE CENSOR.)

By T. T. Dee.

A meeting of the Lambeth Board of Guardians was held on———at———to consider the mo t appropriate means of———, the chair being occupied by Mr. ———, who conducted the proceedings with his usual geniality and tact, there being no casualties whatever to report. After the minutes of the meeting on ——— had been read by the Clerk and disposed of with celerity, in order to facilitate the military dispositions of Sir John French, the ex-Clerk made a grovelling appeal to the Board for the reduction of his salary in order to bring home to the minds of the over-burdened ratepayers that war is not all inebriating refreshment and the game you play in an alley. Other salaried officers of the Board also appeared with tears in their eyes and an obsequious attitude in their hind legs to request a financial reduction of —— per month for the same noble end. Their Excellencies after consideration unanimously decided to express their regret that they could not accept any sacrifices of salary by the officers, but that in order to inculcate in them a proper appreciation of the economic stress occasioned by a modern war of field entrenchments, where nobody gets any forrarder for weeks at a stretch, they had decided to economise their daily rations by one finnon haddock, a Yarmouth bloater, five ounces of fat ham, three spoonsful of jam, one custard powder, and a quarter of Danish butter. After the Board had adjourned for——, which some of the members had with soda water, their Excellencies reassembled for business. This was the signal for the consideration of the minutes of the Baths and Laundry Committee, who recommended that with the object of impressing on the workhouse inmates, male and female, the horrible privations which British soldiers are compelled to undergo in the trenches, for the sake of their country and their King, neither soap nor water should be allowed to them. There was some acrimonious discussion on this point, Mr. ——, for instance, desiring to know what the ——— the Committee was driving at? How the ——— could the inmates do without soap? The Chairman, interrupting, said he should at once rule out of order any excessive energy in the customary flow of words. "Replying to Mr. ——," shouted Mr. —— across the table, "he wants to know how the inmates can do without soap. Sir, the smallest use of his intelligence, if he has any, would enable him to perceive that they can use sand-paper." A member asseverated he did not intend to allow the previous speaker to scrape out of things in that way. The inmates could not wash without water; it was absurd. "Sir," interrupted the spokesman for the Committee, "when we speak of water we mean tap water. In order that our lessons on the discomforts of war may not be unduly severe, we propose that the inmates shall cleanse themselves by taking an occasional walk in the rain." After this it was felt that there could be no satisfactory answer to the patriotic proposals of the Committee, and they were therefore carried on a show of hands by —— to ——. The business of the Rate Collecting Committee was quickly disposed of, as it was decided that an increase of——in the £ in the poor rates needed no observation. The last item on the agenda was in the name of the Chairman of the Health Committee, the Rev. Mr. ——, who supported in terms of high approval a recommendation of his Committee, that in order to bring home to outdoor paupers the unhealthy surroundings of districts like Louvain, Termonde, Malines, Y——, Z——, not to speak of W—— and X——, all outdoor relief should be suspended until the end of the war, but that the official chaplain would deliver a sermon every Sunday morning conclusively proving that the Kaiser was the chosen of the Lord to chastise them for their grievous sins. This was carried *nem. con.*, and after the Chairman had made an announcement that, to mark his sense of the refusal of professional footballers to enlist in Lord Kitchener's armies he should decline to get his hair cut until after Christmas, the proceedings concluded with the usual refreshment and the singing of the National Anthem, "It's a long way to Tipperary, but not far from Berlin," all their Excellencies standing on their heads to increase the impressiveness of the music.

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Send for the book to-day, entitled "Electricity, the Road to Health," which explains to you how you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home without drugs or medicine.

IT IS FREE

You certainly value your health, so do not delay another minute; just sit down at once and write now. A post-card suffices, and immediately this book will be sent you, free, in closely sealed envelope. AJAX LTD.

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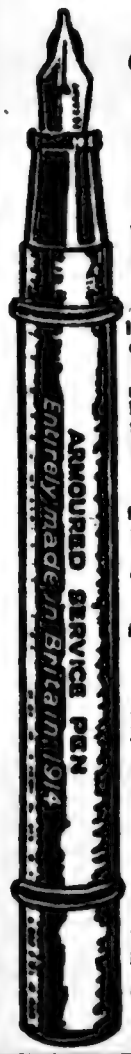
The New "ALL-BRITISH"

UNBREAKABLE

Fountain (or Stylo) Pen



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This ALL-BRITISH Aluminium Pen, fitted with 14-carat iridium-tipped gold nib, is supplied complete with Ink-Pellets and letter-cards—ONLY 5s. 6d. (Stylos 4s. 6d.). Additional metal tubes of pellets, 6d. and 1s.

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I enclose cheque for 6s. to cover postage, knowing I shall find great satisfaction from my purchase.—I am, Sir, yours truly,
—— Lieut. A.S.C.

The Editor of the *United Service Gazette*, in the December 3rd issue, says:—

"The never-ceasing cry for a portable 'Office' has brought the soldier the 'Armoured Service' Pen. This pen is not an ordinary fountain pen, *otherwise it would be useless* in war time on account of its brittleness." The "Armoured Service" Pen is made not only to pass through the war but through a dozen wars.

	Aluminium Fountain Pens.	Stylos.
PRICES	One for 5/6	One for 4/6
	Two „ 10/-	Two „ 8/6
	Four „ 19/6	Four „ 16/6

Solid Silver Pen 15/- each. Stylos 12/6

Ask your stationer to show you the "Armoured Service" Pen or send direct for a pen on a week's free trial to the

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A public Dental Service at nominal fees is now available throughout the British Isles

to all persons whose income does not exceed £160 per annum, and their dependants.

The Service includes every branch of dental treatment, surgical, mechanical and conservative, and is carried out by practitioners of skill and standing. All work is carried out

in the Practitioners' own private surgeries

as part of their regular personal private practice, during specified hours, thus avoiding the objections held by many patients to being treated at Dental Hospitals, charitable and semi-charitable Institutions.

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Patients only pay the nominal charges for work actually done for themselves, as per standard scale of fees sent out with each ticket. No profit will be made by the controlling company.

Eligible persons desiring to avail themselves of the Service must fill up the voucher below (which incurs no obligation) and forward it together with two halfpenny stamps. They will then receive a list of Practitioners in their district, and a ticket enabling them to take advantage of the treatment offered.

Each member of a family fulfilling the conditions may apply for a ticket, but must in each case fill up a separate voucher. Additional vouchers may be obtained on written application.

To the United Dental Service, Ltd., **VOUCHER.**
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I hereby apply for a ticket enabling me to obtain Dental treatment at reduced fees, from the list of Practitioners (in my own district) which you will forward. I declare that my income does not exceed £160 per annum. It is understood that you will treat this as a confidential communication. I enclose two halfpenny stamps.

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Address .....

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Occupation ..... S. H. B.

THE CALL.

AN ENLISTMENT INCIDENT.

"Wot's the matter with yer, Jim?"

Mrs. Paley, with bare arms akimbo, turned suddenly towards her son, and with head aslant regarded him with a challenging eye.

"Oh, nuthink. Leastways, nuthink much."

"Don't tell me!" retorted Mrs. Paley. "Yer cawn't come it like that on yer mother. There wosn't nuthink wrong with yer supper, *thet* I'm certain shore." And Mrs. Paley folded her robust arms aggressively across her ample waist.

"Never sed there wos," mumbled Jim, shuffling his feet under the kitchen table, burying his chin in his hands, and staring fixedly at the empty beer jug.

"Anythink wrong at the ware'ouse?" demanded his mother, a trifle anxiously.

"No—on'y a bit slack, thet's orl."

"Then wotcher sittin' there like a dead'ead at a feast for? It ain't like you, Jim."

"I bin thinkin'—thet's orl."

"An' quite enough too, I sh'd say."

Mrs. Paley, with a violent preliminary sniff, cleared the supper things from the table, poked the dwindling remains of the kitchen fire, and dropped into her chair with a sigh. Jim shuffled and cleared his throat.

"Mother."

"M'm?" inquired that lady with an assumption of indifference that would have deceived nobody.

"I cawn't stand it no longer. I shall 'ave ter join."

Mrs. Paley started, a look of fear flickering in her eyes.

"Wotcher mean? Cawn't stand wot?"

"Not doin' nuthink, thet's wot I mean. W'en I read abart wot our chaps is doin' art there, I seem to 'ear 'em callin' me to come an' lend a 'and."

The look of anxiety on his mother's face deepened.

"Stuff an' nonsense!" she exclaimed. "You're dreamin'! 'Ow can they be a-callin' of yer? You don't know nobody out there, as yer call it."

"I know I don't, but I seem to 'ear 'em callin' orl ther same. An' it ain't on'y thet. I sorter feel the bloomin' country callin', too."

"Don't be ser silly!" said Mrs. Paley, sharply, but with her eyes suspiciously bright. "You bin readin' them posters on the walls, I reckon, an' they've got on yer brain. Thet's wot it is."

"I don't reckon it is," replied her son, abstractedly. "I don't take much ercarnt o' posters. It's wot I feel *inside*, like. I can feel the ole country sorter callin' me, some'ow, orl the time. It don't matter w ere I am—in ther street, in ther ware'ouse, or 'ere at 'ome. I can 'ear it orl ther time, an' I cawn't stand it no longer."

"You oughter see yer panel docter," said Mrs. Paley, tartly, furtively applying the corner of her apron to her eyes. "Wot's yer mother goin' ter do if yer does ennythink silly like thet?"

"I'll allot yer orl I can of me pay," said Jim, "an' I daresay the Prince o' Wales' Fund 'll 'elp yer too. *But I've gotter go!*"

"Think I'm thinkin' erbart the money, lad?" demanded his mother, with more than a suspicion of a sob. "Thenk Gawd, I ain't too old ter do a bit o' work. But I've on'y got chew since Dad died, Jim, an—and——."

Jim pushed back his chair, and rose to his feet. His mother gazed up at him wistfully. There was a dignity about him, an exalted expression in his eyes, which she had never seen before, and but dimly understood.

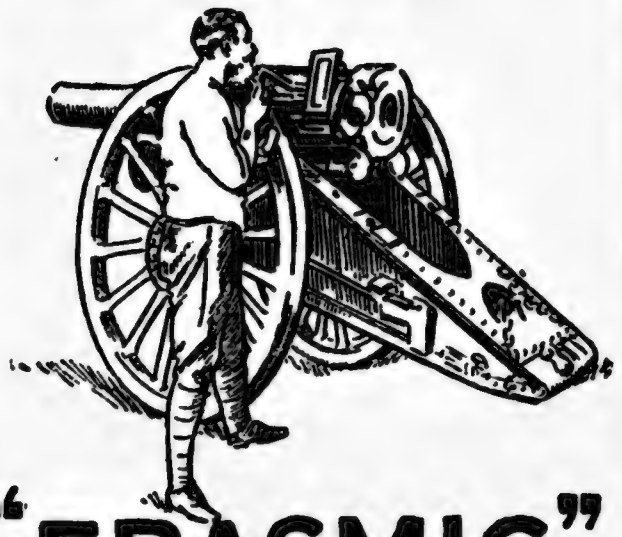
"Mother, I've gotter do somethink fur me country. I've wanted to ever since I read erbart the 'eroes 'oo've made the Empire wot it is. They orl 'ad mothers like wot I 'ave, but they put their country first."

"England ain't done much fur you an' me," sobbed Mrs. Paley, from behind her apron.

"P'r'aps thet's becos we ain't done much fur England. I ain't 'ad the charnce before, but now it's come I cawn't let it go. I don't trouble over much wot 'appens arfter, ser long as I can feel I've *done somethink*. I can 'ear them chaps art there callin' plain as ennythink, an' the ole country sorter callin' too."

"So can I, Jim, an' if on'y I wosn't a woman, I'd—I'd join with yer, me boy. But, it'll be 'eavens 'ard ter part with yer, Gawd bless yer!"

BRITISH AND BEST.



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is appreciated by the army at the front as well as at home.

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"ERASMIC" Perfumers WARRINGTON.

Milkmaid Cream
Have plenty of Cream during the winter months and you'll be better for it.
"Milkmaid Cream"—*real* Cream—is the same price all the year round. It doubles the deliciousness and vastly increases the nutritiousness of all kinds of bottled, tinned, stewed, or dried fruit, and is better than all else with porridge or other cereal. Contains no preservative whatever, and is the same *in every way* as the finest fresh cream. Packed in little sterilised solderless tins, complete with key.
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Marvellous Recoveries.

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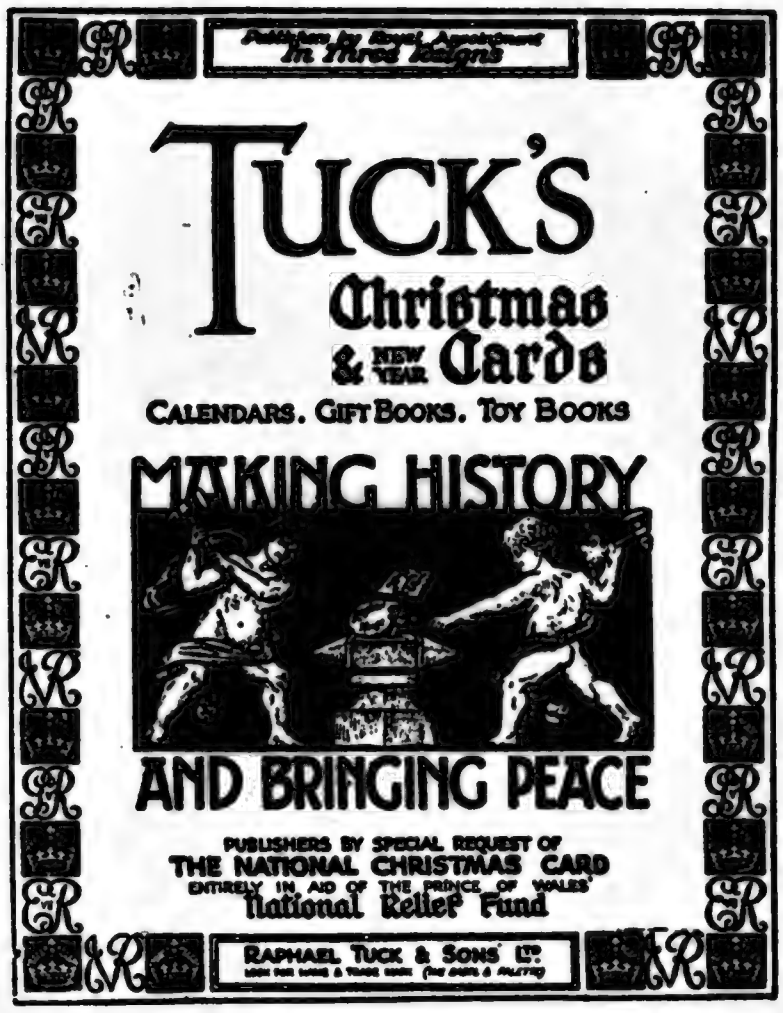
Mrs. Julia Jones, 39, Salisbury Road, Cape Hill, Smethwick, near Birmingham.
Mr. B. H. Ketley, 75, Rochester Avenue, Upton Park, E.
Miss Whitehead, 50, Moorcroft Street, Hollins Road, Hollinwood, near Oldham.
Mr. George Geary, Station Road, Ratby, Leicestershire.
Mr. W. Watts, 79, Glenthorne Road, New Southgate, N.
Son of Mr. E. Larcombe, 68, Cambridge Street, Chard, Somerset.
Mr. A. Williams, 61, Limes Road, West Croydon, Surrey.
Mr. J. J. Skipworth, 7, Ritches Road, Harringay, N.
Mrs. F. Wood, 106, Brayards Road, Peckham, S.E.
Mr. W. J. Stephens, 111, Kimberley Road, Cardiff.
Son of Mr. E. A. Dawbarn, 243, St. Ann Street, Birkenhead, Cheshire.
Mr. G. Green, 6, St. Peter's Road, Petersfield, Hants.

If you doubt it write yourself to one, any, or all of them for direct evidence. They, among hundreds of others, have been given a new lease of life by taking STEVENS' CONSUMPTION CURE. If you are suffering from this scourge of the human race, send to-day for a FREE SAMPLE SUPPLY of this self-same life-giving substance. The personal advice of Mr. Stevens himself is also at your command. A postcard or letter to 206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, will bring you the Free Sample and full particulars without any charge whatever.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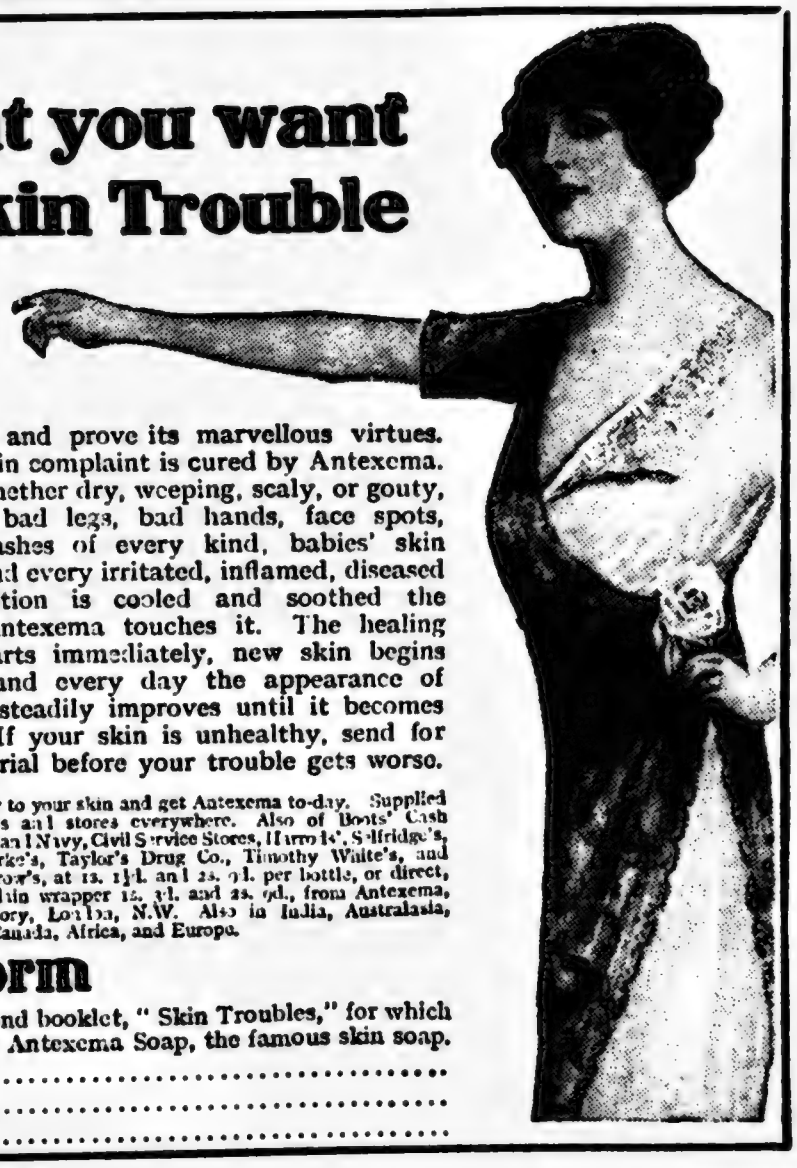
That's what you want for your Skin Trouble



Is your face covered with pimples, blotches, blackheads, or spots? Is your skin disfigured by eczema? Have you an itching rash all over your chest or back? Are you troubled by a breaking-out or raw place on your leg that irritates and worries you day and night? Apply Antexema, and you will instantly get rid of the itching, burning pain. Go on applying it, and soon your skin will be so clear and healthy you will be proud of it, instead of being worried as you are now. Our confidence in the certainty of Antexema curing you is based on the fact that during the last twenty-five years it has worked thousands of similar miracles. Antexema has cured skin sufferers who suffered martyrdom, and failed to get the slightest benefit from doctors, hospitals, or any other treatment whatever. It will cure you too. Send for the Free Trial and prove its marvellous virtues.

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Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrod's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrow's, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, or direct, post free in plain wrapper 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. Also in India, Australasia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Sign this Form

To Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.—Please send booklet, "Skin Troubles," for which I enclose three penny stamps, also Free Trial of Antexema and Antexema Soap, the famous skin soap.

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ADDRESS .....

JOHN BULL, 12/12/14. .....

JOHN BULL ON SENTRY GO.

WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friend!"

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"*Civis Britannicus sum.*"

"Pass, friend, all's well."

"Thanks. You're doing a very useful work here, my man. To protect the country against the insidious and seditious machinations of traitorous spies is almost as important as facing the foe in the field."

"My duty, sir. You are Mr. Winston Churchill, I believe. Permit me to congratulate *you* upon the magnificent way in which you are sustaining the tremendous responsibility which rests upon your shoulders."

"Like you, sir, I am but doing my duty. But I must confess that a word of approval and appreciation now and again is helpful and gratifying. I am more used to veiled attacks and carping criticisms."

"This is no time for that, sir. I myself have criticised you unflinchingly and unsparingly in the past, when I thought your political actions ran counter to the interests of our country. But my honest opposition has never been actuated by party malice. And as soon as the present crisis arose, and I saw that you were grappling with it with energy and determination, it at once became my whole-hearted desire not to hinder but to help you in your arduous labours."

"I know that, John. I know that."

"It is true I would have preferred to see an experienced sailor in your position, just as we now have an experienced soldier at the head of the War Office. It is true also that I hope the day will soon come when a Business Government will insist upon a naval expert being in supreme control at the Admiralty. But I am no believer in swopping horses when crossing the stream; and as so far you have done superlatively well, you may depend upon me backing you up and defending you against the unjust and mischievous attacks of your political enemies."

"Ah, you and I, John, can afford to laugh at the curs that snap at our heels."

"In a sense, yes. But you must not forget that dogs, good and bad alike, are imitative animals, and that a snapping cur will sometimes encourage honest dogs to attack where they would otherwise not. Take that Antwerp affair, for example. The dog who, ignorant of the circumstances and motives which led to the despatch of the Naval Brigade, took you to task for it, with his first bark gathered around him an equally noisy pack who ought to have known better. Now, since they have seen General French's comments upon the incident, in the course of which he says the force you sent over 'delayed the enemy for a considerable time, and assisted the Belgian Army to be withdrawn in a condition to enable it to reorganise and rest, and regain its value as a fighting force,' I hope they have tucked their tails between their legs, and regret their hasty judgment."

"I doubt it. I know the breed. They are now yapping at me because I don't disclose every naval incident the instant it occurs, and the exact whereabouts of every ship of war."

"You are referring to the fact that a Super——"

"I cannot discuss *that*, even with you."

"But it is said that detailed accounts of the catastrophe, or whatever it was, have been published in the American Press, and that the Germans know everything through that source."

"Don't you believe it. Even the Germans are not such fools as to give credence to everything that appears in American newspapers. If you think I am concealing any disaster from the public from fear of causing a panic, you are very much mistaken. I know the spirit of my fellow countrymen too well for that. At news of a reverse they set their teeth and strengthen their resolve to win. No, whatever is temporarily held back is held back for strategical reasons. Fisher and I are working in complete agreement, and that ought to be good enough for the public and for you."

"It's good enough for me, I assure you. Guard, turn out—'Shun!—'S'nt arms!"

OUR GREAT CHRISTM S NUMBER.
On Sale FRIDAY • • PRICE TWOPENCE.

SOLDIERS
and SAILORS
need Handkerchiefs!

Give them
EXCELDA
HANDKERCHIEFS.

A genuine, durable and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI STYLES, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere at 6½d. each.

Be sure you get EXCELDA.

It—
must—
be—
BOVRIL

A Hint for Winter Puddings.

Serve every boiled pudding — Apple, Fig, Plum, Ginger, Marmalade, etc. — with BIRD'S Custard as a HOT Sauce.

It gives zest and relish to even the nicest pudding, and *transforms* a plain one into a delightful treat.

Bird's Custard

costs so little, and adds so much in real body-building nutriment.

2 pkts. for 1½d. 4d & 7½d boxes. Large 8½ Tins.

TO BE WELL-GROOMED

and save expense in War-time, subscribe for the British Tailoring Company's weekly or fortnightly clothes-care.

West of England cloth-renovating process used trebles the life of clothes. Subscriber writes this week that it saves him two suits a year.

TRY IT ON AN OLD SUIT OR OVERCOAT.

3/9 pays for cleansing, cloth-revival, repairs, and reshaping by first-grade Savile Row tailors. Money back if not perfectly satisfactory.

CAUTION.—Make no mistake about the name and address.

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82 to 40 Great College Street, London, N.W.

Tel. North 2882 or 2312.

Write for a free copy of "Paistry," our monthly paper, edited by Edgar Frank.

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

Mason's Ginger Wine Essence

which makes

One Gallon Ginger Wine

with the addition of lump sugar.

All who apply before January 15th will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children.

THE AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS

ARE SI GING

"Only One of the Toys," and "Some Hearts will be Joyful."

THE TWO BEST SOLDIER BALLADS PUBLISHED.

Copies may be had from any music seller, price SIXPENCE each, post free, or from . Osborn & Co., Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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'DREADNOUGHT' OVERCOATS

are the finest examples of popular-priced Overcoat Perfection on offer. These handsome and stylish garments are made in an exceedingly comprehensive range of thoroughly fashionable and reliable materials of medium weight, and are cut, designed and tailored in West-end Style.

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Dreadnought' Overcoat (Double Breasted or Single Breasted as ordered), exactly to measure, carriage paid to all approved orders for 5/- Now. Balance payable in monthly payments of 5/- (5 for single breasted style, 6 for double breasted) if you are entirely satisfied with Style, Fit, Quality and Value of the Coat after you have tried it on in your home. Money instantly refunded in full if you are in any way disappointed.

5/- NOW

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

In your own interests send a Post Card to-day for our unequalled range of Patterns cut from the actual Cloth lengths now being made up into 'Dreadnought' Coats. All the most popular and stylish Cloths are included, and you have a splendid assortment of shades and designs to choose from.

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THE GREAT BLOOD SPECIFIC

Free Test Offer to a Hundred Doctors by the Domigo Chemical Company.

It is useless having in our hands the greatest remedy of all time if we are not prepared to submit the same to an exacting test by those whom the public looks up to for guidance in times of health collapse. We are standing solid, shoulder to shoulder, in a time of national crises, and in such circumstances we have at least the comfort of a just common cause. When, however the individual is assailed by an ordeal which isolates him in solitary misery the position is indeed distressing, and at such a time he is apt to clutch at what appears to him the best support that drifts within his reach, even though it be a mere straw

But in Domigo the sufferer clutches not at a straw, but gripe the substantial lifebelt, capable of carrying him safely through the turbulent sea of even the worst form of blood disease.

To save the victim of such a misfortune from its ravages is the main objective of the Domigo Chemical Company, and to show that it is not merely self-seeking in a commercial sense, it has been decided to supply one hundred members of the Medical Profession with a sufficiency of Domigo in a sterilised form to enable them by hypodermic or intra-injection to thoroughly test the powerful effects of the remedy in cases of specific disease.

Domigo is not a metallic derivative. It is a vegetable medicine derived from a Central African root which has been thoroughly tested both by the Profession and the Public in our South African Dominions, where the remedy has been known for centuries as an unfailing specific for all blood disorders.

DOMIGO has been proved an absolute cure for Eczema and Rheumatism even in cases of several years' standing. Also for Boils and Pimples. Gout, Liver and Kidney Disorders there is nothing equals Domigo.

To the Public the medicine, which is very pleasant to take by the mouth, is supplied in bottles at 3s. 9d., 6s. 6d., and 12s. 3d. each, with full directions. Also Domigo Strengthening Food in tins at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d., and Domigo Medicated Skin Soap at 9d. per cake, or 2s. per box of three cakes, which can be used in conjunction with the medicine.

To the Medical Profession a sterilised preparation of Domigo will be supplied in ampulla free of charge on receipt of a card or letter addressed to:—

The DOMIGO CHEMICAL Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and 40, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from new papers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"BANTAM" (Liverpool).—We suggested a wages, or employment, tax years ago, in the House of Commons. Of course, it was laughed at—and now it is coming.

G. J. (Seedley).—Well, if the War Office says that at present they don't want anybody to help them inspect Tommy's rations, it is evident they don't.

J. W. M. (Bristol).—"I have been searching your paper for several weeks expecting to find comment on the scandalous postage charges for comforts sent to our noble Tommies, but —." It isn't our fault that you are blind, is it?

"CONSTANT COLONIAL READER" (Durban).—"I hope to be doing my bit up German South-West by the time this reaches you." Hope you will get right home, sonny.

A. G. M. (Expeditionary Force).—Sentiment splendid, but afraid full up with verses at present. Best love to all the Hackney boys.

E. F. (Earlstown) is anxious to know whether we have "ever stated that Von Kluck and Hector Macdonald are one and the same person." Never, sir, never.

"ANON" (Hull).—Agreed that if it were suggested we should annex all the Kaiser's bank balances in this country the Archbishop of York would probably "shriek with holy horror." Don't, however, forget that hundreds of thousands of pounds are owing to English people by Germany.

"NAOMI."—Many thanks for the watch and trinkets you have kindly sent towards our Jumble Sale. The address of the Belgian Refugee Fund is Aldwych, London, W.C.

H. A. P. (Tamworth) wants to know what we think of Johannes, the monk who is said to have foretold in 1000 the present war and downfall of Germany. Our opinion is that said Johannes was a prophet.

"WELSH" and W. B. (Liverpool).—Many thanks for your contributions towards our Jumble Sale.

"OFFICER'S WIFE" (Tunbridge Wells).—There is no separation allowance for officers' wives, they receiving what are called compassionate allowances through the Regimental Paymaster. You should apply direct to him. We have placed your p.o. to our War Sufferers' Fund.

W. H. G. (Margate).—If you want to join the Business Government League, write to the General Secretary, at 93, Long Acre.

"REGULAR READER."—The fact that the military authorities returned your application to enlist with the words "You are too old" written across it, when you had given your age as thirty, suggests that they thought you might be one of the inmates of the lunatic asylum from which you wrote, instead of an attendant.

C. E. T. (Lavender Hill, S.W.).—We must admit our poetic contributor proved himself a trifle weak in anatomical knowledge when he wrote of firing a rifle with "the butt on his shoulder-blade."

C. G. (Cheshire).—We shall keep a watch on the Brighton and Hove Peace Society, of 7, Park View Terrace, Brighton. Information as regards their latest activities would be useful.

G. M. (Groningen).—How do you like being interned? Buck up, it will soon be over.

L. S. T. (Derby).—See our Christmas message in our Christmas Number.

E. H. (London, W.C.).—The appeal of the Vicar of St. Bartholomew's, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., for £1,000 "for alterations," etc., will be ignored by all truly patriotic and charitable people until the acute distress occasioned by the war has been alleviated. The needs of our soldiers and sailors and their dependents are more urgent than structural alterations to any church. There are plenty of empty pews in London.

J. G. L. (Hawick).—Your suggestion that everyone who shelters a Belgian refugee should be received by the Queen and Princess Mary and presented with a medal when the war is over, does not appeal to us. Let us continue to do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

J. L. (Accrington).—It seems to us that our present aircraft can do all that you claim yours will be able to do, *when it is built.* Moreover, it has been authoritatively stated that our aeroplanes and aviators have established an ascendancy over those of the Germans. Therefore, all things considered, we do not see the necessity, nor our way clear, to interest ourselves in the production of the machine you mention.

J. B. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—When your little girl showed you the coloured Scripture text she had been given at Sunday School, and you read thereon "Love Your Enemies, S. Matt. v., 44. *Printed in Germany,*" how *good* you must have felt!

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Matherleigh).—We agree that the Post Office charges for sending small packets of cigarettes and other little comforts to the soldiers at the front are atrocious.

E. A. P. (Winchelsea).—You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick. If *Mr.* McKenna were only half as great as Shakespeare we would call him plain "McKenna." But as he is of subsidiary importance we try to supply his deficiency by alluding to him as "Mr."

"NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION" (Maidstone).—We join loudly and enthusiastically in your cry of "British Hops for British Brewers and British Beer Bibbers." The "Trade," being one of the most patriotic bodies in the country, will, of course, echo it with equal gusto—and act up to it.

E. J. C. (Burmah).—What a nice man the Editor of the *Burmah Critic* must be. Give him our love when you see him.

J. R. (Fife).—We quite agree with your sentiments, but are afraid the verses are scarcely up to standard.

"NATIONAL PENNY BANK DEPOSITOR."—You can put your money on deposit at the John Bull Bank, 27-30, Old Jewry, London E.C., with confidence. You will get 5 per cent. interest, and your money will be quite safe.

"BRUNO" (Jubilee).—Delighted to hear that you converted the parson, and to know that our article on "A New Religion" has set you all thinking.

"A WELSH CHURCHMAN" (Cardiff).—Why don't you give your name and address like a man? Then we would tell you that half-a-dozen clergymen have complimented us upon the article which has caused you so much wrath.

R. H. M. (Sanbach).—What is the moral difference between a periodical "exploiting" a foot-cure for soldiers and your exploiting a tooth-ache cure for their horses?

"ALMA" (Paddington) says that if we look through a list of managers of London banks we will find very many German names. We have looked.

JOHN BULL'S STORE.—In answer to several correspondents, it is quite correct that all articles advertised by this firm are first submitted to us, and that all dissatisfied customers receive money back in full.

E. G. A. (Leeds).—As you will have seen from the newspapers, the authorities have taken possession of the Island of Nauru, which was in the occupation of a German or Germans, thus proving correct the report to which you refer.

R. B. (Morpeth).—The Old Testament prophecies to which you refer have been applied by ingenious minds to practically every war in history. If you think they refer particularly to the one now raging, you are free to do so. Some people need that sort of comfort in times of stress.

C. E. C. (Diss).—A Business Government, with an astute Minister of Commerce, will be more necessary than ever at the end of the war, when attempts will be made by Germany and Austria to dump millions of tons of goods into this country at cut-throat prices, free of duty. We are watching.

MRS. A. R. D'A. (Folkestone).—The Gordon Boys' Home, Dover (run by a Mr. Blackman), was closed at one time owing to an outbreak of disease.

"TERRITORIAL" (Northampton).—We note that you would rather have bread and butter for tea than bread and jam. The War Office is hereby informed of the same.

M. E. (Dulwich).—See paragraph above in reference to John Bull's Store. You can safely deal with them.

"BRITISH UNFORTUNATELY" (Weymouth).—Go to Berlin!

"LAW STUDENT."—You will find some very interesting legal reminiscences of the Editor, under the title of "Mice and Men I Have Known," in JOHN BULL'S Christmas Number.

Our great Xmas Number contains 14 of the very best Stories, Articles, Humour and Pictures.

C. T. (Northampton).—All we can say is that a man "on the road" who is addressed by his own firm as "Councillor John Smith, Esq.," must be somebody in particular.

W. E. J. (Dover).—We gladly give the Nottingham Corps of the Salvation Army credit for what they have done in the way of enlisting. For nine men out of forty to join the Colours, and only one of them a reservist, is a good record, and shows that in some cases at least the Salvation Army system of religion does not destroy patriotism.

"VOX POPULI" tells us we are doing good to the old fast-asleep country by opening the eyes of the *vox populi*. It is about time, seeing that the cursed Kaiser has assumed the sole right in Europe to the *vox Dei*. But how do you open the eyes of a *vox*?

A. B. (Bulwell).—Thanks; but if your "poem" were worth printing in JOHN BULL it would be worth paying for. We are sorry to have to tell you that it is worth neither. Excuse our plain speaking, but we are being rapidly snowed under by war poems.

W. T. (Forest Gate).—A moneylender who offers to advance £500 for 4 years at 8 per cent. per annum *on the outstanding balance*, and then demands 28s. 6d. for "necessary expenses," although "all business is transacted by post," should be dealt with very gingerly.

"FRERAY" (Felixstowe).—Were we to pillory the sweating photographers you refer to, the man in whose interest you write would probably lose his job, and his last case would be worse than his first.

R. S. H. N. (Belfast).—We do not always agree with everything that is published even in our contemporary *Truth*, the sixpenny JOHN BULL. As to Ulster as a whole being pro-German, that, of course, is nonsensical.

F. F. (Wolverton).—We are not a bit surprised to hear your landlady "has been shamefully swindled by the British Clothing Club, of Oldham." She should write to the Chief Constable, Oldham, explaining the circumstances fully.

"THE PASTY MAN" (Cardiff).—Have read your letter backwards and forwards, upside down and sideways, and can make nothing it of. When we have time we will shake it up in a basket and see what happens then.

"A REAL ADMIRER" (Southend-on-Sea).—Whenever you find what you call "intrinsic wit" in our replies to correspondents, you may rest assured it was intended. We are fond of a joke.

"IGNORANT" (Hillington).—Mr. Lloyd-George has been only once married—which is enough for most men.

A. F. (Finsbury Park) says he will now sell his body after death "aye, and soul too, for a consideration," if he may do so. He may do so. Or he may not.

T. P. G. (Perth).—Your lines on lost railway towels moved us nearly to tears. The execution is not so bad, but the theme is frightfully boring.

C. B. (Camden Town, N.W.).—You should lay your case before some tame solicitor. We cannot mix ourselves up with lost heirs and missing money complications.

MRS. L. H. E. (Carmarthen).—"Through being a regular reader of your valuable paper JOHN BULL, it has saved me from being done out of 16s. by Hugh McKean. He has had 4s." Four shillings too much.

B. P. (London).—"What is the difference between the Insurance Stamp and Lloyd George? One you have to stick with a lick; and the other you'd like to lick with a stick." Go to!

P. O. (Hereford) does not like Bull's Eyes or Printer's Pie. We will not comment upon his literary taste, but merely advise him to miss those courses in the weekly feast provided by JOHN BULL.

W. F. C. (Dumbreck).—"Why should the public have to take risks between Dailly and Kilkearn which some day will mean a railway disaster?" Ask the railway company. To blame "9d. for 4d." appears to us absurd.

"ONE OF YOUR MANY" (St. John's Wood).—The people from whom you bought the "A1" spoons have been under our observation for some time. But what is "A1" plate? We fancy that trade-mark carries no guarantee.

MRS. M. F. (Streatham).—If we were a lady, and a strange clergyman accosted us in the street, asking which church we attended, we should give him in charge for indecent behaviour, committing a nuisance, and loitering with intent. Failing that, we should hit him on his episcopalian crown with an umbrella.

E. L. G. J. W. E. (Old Trafford) writes: "I would like to see the Preference caps come in fashion again." And why not reciprocity trousers once more?

C. D. (Brighton).—You can take action against the proprietor of the hotel you mention for the illegal detention of your original references, and for damages should any loss have occurred to you owing to the detention. Consult a solicitor.

A. M. (Midlothian).—We note that Williams and Lloyd, of 89, Cornwallis Road, Upper Holloway, N., is putting you through his routine. Having already sent 4s. 6d. for the "free" watch, you are now being pestered to remit a further 2s. 6d. for a "Beautiful Leatherette Plush Finished Hinged Back Case, fitted with patent snap," in which the watch is to be despatched. You have already been foolish to the extent of 4s. 6d. Why not go another 2s. 6d.—and be idiotic?

R. B. (Beckenham).—Granted that Dr. Bashford's theory that cancer and the unbounded proliferation of cells are due to a chemical stimulus, whereas Ehrlich has observed that a sarcoma sometimes results from the influence of an adeno-carcinoma upon connective tissue, we do not forget that the experiments of Sanitats-rat Dr. Med. C. Schmidt point to a parasitic origin due to indirect infection. Our conclusion therefore is, that there is much to be said on all sides.

A. G. B. (Islington, N.).—We have read your lines, and in answer to your question as to the best way to dispose of them, suggest that you should put them aside and look at them again in ten years time. You will know how to dispose of them yourself by then.

B. W. (Newtown).—We think you were foolish to waste paper, ink and energy, not to speak of a penny stamp, on that old arch-humbug, Captain Walter Rand.

MRS. D. (Oldham).—We should have no confidence in "trowsers" at 4s. 6d. per pair. But what on earth, madam, do *you* want with trousers, anyway?

"INTERESTED READER" and E. H.—Thanks for the articles of jewellery—which we have had much pleasure in forwarding to the Prince of Wales' Fund.

A. A. P. (Kentish Town).—We have little faith in the practical advantages to the overwhelming majority of pupils of any of these cinema-acting schools.

W. J. P. (Portadown).—Can't make out the sense, if any, of your letter.

H. W. B. (Leytonstone).—Thanks for your heartening assurance that we are doing good work.

N. G. (Piccadilly).—We are not a theological paper, and must be excused from discussing such questions as those propounded in your letter.

H. J. R. (Peckham Rye).—Glad your patriotic song had such a success in the Provinces. We have no doubt it deserved it.

"ANTHONY" (Brixton) says that the "National Co-operative Bank" is "certainly not national."

MRS. N. (Manchester).—Mean trick, but we can't interfere to any advantage.

F. B. (Sheffield).—No, the Spanish Prisoner Swindle does not interest us. It is too ancient.

S. R. (Portsmouth).—*Les affaires sont les affaires.* In other words, they will tell you that business is business.

L. A. (Birkdale).—Thanks. We would much rather you called us a brick than threw one at us.

MRS. E. B. (Sussex).—Cannot tell you whether that alleged hair-restoring concern is British or otherwise.

E. W. (Denmark Park).—As a religious and moral agent, the cinema could be made a great national influence.

T. S. (Castleford).—Quite right; the British Watch Co., of 9, Sun Street, Finsbury Square, E.C., who are pestering you to send them 2s. 6d. for a "free" watch, think you are a mug. So shall we, if you send the money.

H. N. (Coatbridge).—The Rules and Regulations for workmen do not strike us as in any way exceptional. A punctual and honest employee would have nothing to fear from them.

N. B. (Stepney).—We can't tell you what is the present population of the U.K., nor can anybody else. The population at the last census, 1911, exclusive of soldiers and sailors abroad, was 45,370,530.

J. D. (Richmond).—We have exposed the game of the London General Supply Association, of 72, Finsbury Pavement, E.C., again and again. You would find their so-called "prize" watch one of the most costly articles, for this firm flourishes on the basest trickery.

G.W.C. (Birmingham).—We can give you no definite information, but if you have any doubt as regards the purely British character of the mineral waters in question, you can easily protect yourself by having nothing to do with them. There are others.

H. S. (Peckham).—By the time you read this, we shall probably have again referred to the German Christmas-card question.

A. D. M. (Margate).—It is a damnable scandal, if true, and we will deal with it promptly.

MRS. I. H. (Mold) and "HELLY" (Canning Town).—Afraid that the recommendation of schools for recalcitrant youngsters is somewhat out of our line—so have handed your letters to *Mary*, who will doubtless reply in her correspondence columns.

"Bullets" great Xmas Box—First Prize increased to £500 for this week only.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

THE KING AT THE FRONT.

Oh, out at the Front we're a lovely collection,
  Though not perhaps looking as fresh as new paint,
In manners there's some are the pink of perfection,
  While one or two others most certainly ain't;
There's lots of us ragged, and all of us muddy,
  For a drawing-room party we don't look the thing,
Yet each man, in the sequel, feels like a duke's equal,
  When right to the midst of us marches the King!

Not every one is a son of the sireland,
  For though this one's English, the other's a Scot,
While here is a broth of a bhoy from ould Ireland,
  And him—he's a mixture of heaven knows what;
That quaint little Billy out there is a Welshman,
  A nightingale's bunkered when he starts to sing—
We're guests, self-invited, from the Kingdom United,
  And all of us claiming our share in the King.

We've got 'em from Whitby, we've got 'em from Clacton,
  From Leicester, Bucks, Gloster, Newcastle-on-Tyne;
Here's young Mr. Spriggs from his villa at Acton,
  A boatman from Putney who sighs for the Rhine;
The Lancashire lingo gets mixed up with Cockney,
  But the whole blessed lot in one pot you must fling,
To get half a notion of what a commotion
  There is when our throats all shout "God Save the King!"

That's an Indian chum who is squatting out yonder,
  All ripe for a rumpus, but making no fuss,
It's rummy to see him, and makes a chap ponder,
  But don't make no error, for he's one of us;
All out from the East, where the tropic sun scorches,
  His rifle, his knife, and his heart he will bring,
He says it is written that he is a Briton,
  So he wants his whack in our pride for the King!

We're each of us out here for love, not for money,
  For love of the nation that nursed all the lot;
You bet your last bob that it isn't all honey;
  In fact, it is what you might term *o.t.*—*'ot.*
It's hot, though there's frost, snow and ice fit to freeze you,
  Or knee-deep in water and mud that will cling,
But it pulls us together, when, 'spite of the weather,
  With no umberella, up marches the King!

Oh, who'd be at home, lazing round and just slacking,
  P'raps propping a bar up, or snoozing in bed?
It does your heart good when the foe you're attacking,
  For this is the mission to which we were bred.
It's all in the blood and the bone of the nation;
  It's coming out true to the seed whence we spring,
We are out here light-hearted, and glad that we started,
  And don't you forget that he knows, does the King!

Not one of us heard of his Majesty's coming,
  Half-stuck in the trenches, all smothered in slime,
We were happy-go-lucky, and singing and humming,
  And some stamping feet, getting warm, to keep time;
Then, almost before you could murmur "Jack Johnson,"
  A fellow cries, "Crikey!" and ceases to sing,
We springs to attention, for there I might mention,
  All smiles, at the top of the bank, was the King.

He shook hands and talked as if he was delighted
  To see us, and was there a thing he could do?
Did we want to go home? and one chap, so excited,
  Said: "No, sir, not until we've seen the thing through!"
We flung up our caps when he raised his hat to us,
  And three British cheers made the hills and dales ring.
The foe thought our army gone suddenly "balmy,"
  Not knowing the depth of our love for the King.

It's hard, but it's splendid, this War with the Germans,
  It is man and his soul that stand forth in the fight;
We're learning more things than they taught us in sermons,
  And it's fine to be here to stand up for the right;
We wouldn't be missing it, not for a million,
  We cheerfully woo what the future may bring,
Don't say we've stood enough—isn't it good enough
  For *us*, when it's quite good enough for the King?

RICARDO.

Printer's Pie.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Should more than one competitor call attention to the same slip, the amount will be forwarded to the sender of the first letter opened. In the case of newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be forwarded to identify the name of the journal and date of issue. Envelopes to be marked "Pie" in the left-hand top corner.)

"MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE":—
"It must be remembered that if an aeroplane which does, say, SEVEN miles an hour in calm air, goes up in a wind which at high altitudes is blowing perhaps at SIX miles an hour, its speed against that wind will only be about TEN miles an hour, whereas, if it turns and flies with the wind, the wind speed will be added to its own speed, and it will then be doing about 130 MILES per hour."

"RHODESIA ADVERTISER":—
"Information has been received that all men who have been passed as medically fit, and are single and within the age limit—NOT UNDER 30 and NOT OVER 40—may be sent to Salisbury to form a second contingent."

"EVENING NEWS":—
"Some of the crowd bore the marks of their Jewish ONSCENJANTE."

"DAILY SKETCH":—
"She was shaking, and hid her face ON HER SHOULDER."

"SASKATOON DAILY STAR" (advertisement):—
"For Sale—Two heaters. SELF-FEEDING baby chair."

"ROTHERHAM ADVERTISER":—
"She saw him alive on Saturday morning, but he was UNCONSCIOUS. HE MADE NO COMPLAINT whatever."

"GLASGOW NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, experienced man, CAPABLE OF DYING, dry and wet cleaning."

"EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—
"Empire Palace Theatre—Bioscope—Latest WARM Films."

"EVENING DISPATCH":—
"The wind IN THEIR FAVOUR was a HINDRANCE rather than a help."

"BELFAST EVENING TELEGRAPH":—
"In the procession of soldiers that followed . . . were the DECEASED'S fellow members of A Company."

"LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS":—
"Latest WAR NEWS—EARTHQUAKE IN GREECE."

Bull's Eyes.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't his Majesty "at the front" indeed now?
Wasn't the taking of Belgrade a "mis-take"?
Does the Kaiser feel as "sick" as he looks?
Does Lloyd George expect to carry the war through on his "loan-sum"?
Isn't the Indian "kukri" more than the Germhuns can "stomach"?
How many M.P.s have offered to give up their salaries?
Are they calling it the "Squad-wrangle" at Burlington House now?
Does the Government hold that "no news" is *always* "good news"?

• • •

The fact that 200,000 goat skins have been ordered for troops at the front does not indicate that Tommy is going to "play the goat."

• • •

Drilling has become so general in London schools that the floors require strengthening. The boys are evidently putting their "soles" into it.

• • •

The labourer who called some Territorials "snuffboxes" and got 14 days' hard for "insulting the uniform," found it "not to be sneezed at."

• • •

Owing to a shortage of meat in Berlin it is proposed to make cod the popular food. Government supplies of that are unlimited.

You MUST read "John Bull's Xmas Pantomime" in our Xmas Number. Very Funny.

NEW FREE FOOTBALL SKILL CONTEST.

For Correct Coupon.

£1,000

Nothing to Pay.

£125 MUST BE WON!

NOTE! THIS CONTEST CLOSES THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24. POST EARLY.

We again offer this week the huge sum of £1,000 for football skill, with £125 in must-be-won prizes, including £25 for a mauve coupon from *Mary Bull*. The latter is an extra and distinct prize. As announced above, this contest closes early—so enter *now* and post your coupons in ample time. There are no fees, and you can send as many coupons as you like. Scottish readers are specially invited to enter.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

is to forecast the results of the League games, to be played on Saturday, December 26th, given on the entrance form on page 2 of our cover. Note the special method of marking your forecasts, as explained on the coupon.

£1,000 FOR ALL-CORRECT COUPON.

The sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending in an entrance form containing correct forecasts of all the matches given, played to a finish.

COUPON and Rules on PAGE 2 of COVER.

Should no entrance form be received giving the whole of the correct results, £100 will be paid to the competitor sending in the most correct forecasts, even if only 8 or 10.

£25 "MAUVE" COUPON PRIZE.

In addition we shall pay an extra £25 cash prize for the most correct forecast sent on a *Mary Bull* mauve coupon.

By using a *mauve* coupon, you have the opportunity of winning not only the £1,000 or the £100, but an *extra* £25. Thus in any event

£125 MUST BE WON.

Should a mauve coupon win, or share the £1,000 or £100 the £25 will be awarded to the sender of THE NEXT best mauve coupon. The mauve coupon will be found in this week's *Mary Bull*, on sale Friday, December 11th.

Address "John Bull," 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C. Mark envelope "Football Contest No. 9." Contest closes first post Thursday, December 24th

OWING TO THE XMAS HOLIDAYS—CLOSES FIRST POST THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 24th

PITY THE POOR EDITOR.

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"Sir please could you inform me weather a man gets 6 week in prison if he get any time taken off, being a reader of JOHN BULL's letter Bag, I would like to know."

"Dere head-hitter, i rite fuw lines too inkwire if i entur bullets, i riceeve £250 prise and i wil bee satesiide if yew sende £100 as mi shair opin yew wil let mee no sune. p.s. yew wil no men i sende bullet, it wil bee beter than saluting the Flag.—God help us. myne wil bee FIRE-WORK DISPLAY.—rokets in rok-ery. anuther p.s. i wil ave too lend taner off a frend too sende bullet sew i kan pa im bak wen prise cums."

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION No. 7.

ONE COMPETITOR WINS £100.

There is one person in South Wales who will not worry about his Christmas Turkey and seasonable cheer. He has got a great big Christmas-box in advance. That person is:—

MR. DAN J. EDMUNDS, Canal Bank, Nantgarw, near Cardiff. He alone of all our readers sent a coupon showing only 3 errors, and so wins the £100 prize.

The £25 Mauve Coupon (*Mary Bull*) Prize is shared by 4 competitors whose coupons showed only 4 errors. Each receives £6 5s. The winners are as follows:—

CROMARTY, A., 35, Lochend Road, Leith.
MENHAM, Mrs. G., 55, Sopwith Street, Newcastle.
RIGBY, M. E., 77, Wigan Road, Hindly.
SHENTON, S. A., Band R.E., Chatham, Kent.

THE "JOHN BULL" PORTFOLIO OF WAR CELEBRITIES.
16 SUPERB PORTRAITS.—1s. NET.

Racing Notes.

Racing at Kempton throughout the two days was of excellent quality, and the attendance—especially on Saturday—was also good. Men in khaki were very prominent, all officers in uniform being given the hospitality of the members' enclosure, whilst the subordinate ranks were made welcome to the small ring. Duke of Tipperary won for us, and all our Editor's horses ran well, if none of the others succeeded in getting first past the post. The best thing of the week in Lutteur III. duly came off, although at a bad price. The old National winner jumped as well as ever, and was admirably ridden by C. Hawkins, who used to ride on the flat for MR. GEO. EDWARDES.

Leicester, on Monday and Tuesday, opened this week's programmes, but from to-day (Wednesday) the meetings are quite South-country affairs, two days at Windsor being followed by two at Gatwick.

To-day, at Windsor, MASTER AT ARMS, with Parfrement up, ought to win the Clewer Steeplechase, and AN DER WIEN on the Kempton running has a big chance in the Windsor Maiden Hurdle. The Forest Steeplechase should be good for BALLYHACKLE. On Thursday, SCREAMER, if started, should easily win the Three-Year-Old Hurdle. In the Club Steeplechase GEORGE B. has an excellent chance.

At Gatwick, on Friday, THOWL PIN, judging by the show he gave against Lutteur III. on Saturday, must very nearly win the Pegasus Steeplechase. In the December Steeplechase, THE LAST* must represent the best thing of the week. On Saturday, DRUMLANRIG may win again in the Juvenile Hurdle, and ABBOTT'S CHOICE should take the Wickham Steeplechase.

At Windsor, MAC MERRY, BUNCH OF KEYS (danger, Fils d'Ecosse), and GNU will run well, whilst the Dicker stable should be followed at Gatwick—although MOFAT over hurdles, and ST. JULIAN over fences, require a little more practice.

"BULLETS" XMAS BOX!

£500 FIRST PRIZE

This Week Only!

10 WAR PRIZES of £10 each

10 PRIZES of £2:10/- each

100 PRIZES of 10/- each

200 Prizes of 5/-

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES.

Bullets can only be constructed from these Examples.

FORTUNES OF WAR
TOMMY'S DELIGHT
THE YOUNG TURKS
GERMANY'S EXCUSE.
A BIG PRIZE
CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

WHY LODGER LEFT
QUICK MARCH
SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENT
THE DANGER ZONE!
STIRRING SCENES
PRONOUNCED SUCCESS

A FAST LOT
EXTRAVAGANT TASTE
A STRONG ARGUMENT
BALD STORY
A DIFFERENT COMPLEXION
SPELLS RUIN

LOWERING THE LIGHTS
BUSY SEASON
HIGH LIVING
A NEW NOTE
HEAVY STRAIN
POOR SATISFACTION

CLEARING THE TABLE
SLENDER MEANS
CRACKING UP
ON TOAST
ASSETS RECRUITING
SMALL INCOME

BIGGEST PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER!

SO FIRE IN YOUR "BULLET" NOW.

Closing date, Thursday, December 17th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(115) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.

This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated December 19th.

Closing date, Thursday, December 17th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(115) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 115," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

£500 FIRST PRIZE

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our thirty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example, "POOR SATISFACTION," and take the letters "T" and "F," using the word "BACK" as the middle word, you can make the Bullet "TO BACK FOURTH."

From the example, "A DIFFERENT COMPLEXION" the Bullet "AFTER CROSS-EXAMINATION" can be formed.

Again, if you choose the example "BUSY SEASON," using the letter "A" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "AT CHRISTMAS ALWAYS."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF THIS COMPETITION WILL BE FOUND IN OUR ISSUE DATED JANUARY 2nd, 1915.

RESULT OF 112TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Miss HAPIER,
9, Joppa Terrace,
Portobello,
Scotland.

Example:—HOW TOMMY'S TREATED.
Bullet:—WORSHIPPED DURING "SERVICE."

10 WAR PRIZES OF £10 EACH:

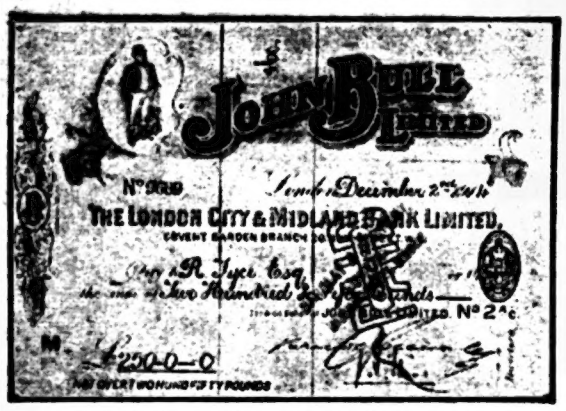
Miss A. PERRY, The "Rose, Shamrock and Thistle," Southampton:
RAISING A LOAN—GIVES "POOR" SATISFACTION.
Mrs. C. PANKHURST, 81, Millwood Road, Herne Hill, London, S.E.:
WHAT I WANT—A MILLIONAIRE'S WORRIES.
Mr. DAVID BATEY, Bowden House, Shiney Row, Co. Durham.
JUST BEGINNING—"NOW FINALLY, GENTLEMEN."
Mr. SAMUEL LINDSAY, 33, Downshire Road, Holywood, Co. Down, Ireland:
A FAT LOT—"LAMBS" BEFORE "FLEECING."
Mr. H. WHITE, 548, Chesterfield Road, Sheffield:
A FAT LOT—SIXTEN "CARRIED FORWARD."
Mr. FRED METHERINGHAM, G.P.O., S.O. Nottingham.:
HOW IT BEGAN—WOMAN'S POSTCRIPT TELLS.
Mr. JAS. HEYS, 46, Ryan Street, Burnley, Lancs.:
BECOMING UNBEARABLE—IF PATRIOTIC—ARMCHAIR.
Mr. J. T. SPENCER, 68, Salisbury Gardens, Birchfield, Birmingham:
RAISING A LOAN—AFTER "CULTIVATING" ACQUAINTANCE.
Miss MAY CRISP, 24, Ingate Road, Beccles:
FALLING IN—NEVER FAMILIES' FAILING.
Mr. FREDERICK REDMAN, 99, Firgrove Road, "Freemantle," Southampton:
A BIG GOOSE—SUPPORTS MISSIONS ABROAD.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH.

Mr. H. EINSLEY, Park View, Park Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea:
WASTING AMMUNITION—"SHARES" CIRCULARISING ME.
Mr. JNO. WM. NEWTON, 90, Bostall Lane, Abbey Wood, S.E.:
JOINING THE COLOURS—IF STUNTED "SHUNTED."
Mrs. A. COLLINS, 52, Duchess Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham:
WHEN SINGLE—ELIGIBLE—AFTERWARDS INELIGIBLE.
Mr. JAMES HULME, Rose Cottage, Lunt, near Crosby, Lancs.:
A BIG GOOSE—ARGUED WITH SENTRY.
Miss M. J. CALHAM, 166, Waterloo Road, Wolverhampton:
BECOMING UNBEARABLE—CANDIDATE THINKS CHARITIES.
Mr. W. P. HINES, "The Nook," Tennyson Road, Birmingham:
STORM BREWING—SYNDICATE WON TURKEY.
Mr. URBAN LINES, 23, Oil Mill Lane, Kingston-on-Thames:
HOW TOMMY'S TREATED—THREATENED, NEVER WHACKED.
Mr. T. ODDIE, 593, Bury Road, Breightmet, Bolton, Lancs:
AMUSING THE BABY—NO GOOD "HIDING."
Mr. WALTER SMITH, 1, Sheep Market, Spalding:
JOHN BULL'S BUSINESS—SEEING MISSUS SAFE.
Mr. TIMOTHY O'LEARY, The Cottage, Churchill, Letterkenny, Donegal:
JOINING THE COLOURS—IRISH NOTWITHSTANDING "RAGS."

100 PRIZE WINNERS OF 10s. EACH.

ATHERTON, F. (Mrs.), 10, High Lane, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
AYRES, J., 34, James Street, Altercliffe, Sheffield.
BAILLIE, J. (Driver), 3rd Gor. Bde. Coy. H.D. T. & S. Col., A.S.C., T.F. Home Defence, Edinburgh.
BARTLE, M. H., Burton-on-Stather, Scunthorpe, Lincs.
BARNETT, L. C., Beech Nut Lane, Schbull.
BENTLEY, A. J., Greenodd, Ulverston.
BERESFORD, H., 219, Wanstead Park Road, Ilford, Essex.
BIRCH, E. (Miss), Aigburth House, 2, Church St., W. Bromwich.
BLACK, A. N. (Miss), 46, Gerald Street, Wrexham.
BLOMGUISK, K., Scandin. Sailors' Home, Poplar, E.
BODDINGTON, E. (Mrs.), Gleaton House, Neston, Cheshire.
BOYDELL, J., 37, Schofield Street, Leigh, Lancs.
BRAMLEY, F., 59, Durham Road, Blackhill, Co. Durham.
BREWER, M. (Miss), Seamont Private Hotel, Beachcliffe, Penarth, South Wales.
BROCK, A. (Mrs.), 47, Whitmore Rd., Small Heath, Birmingham.
BRUNTON, M. R. (Mrs.), Westfield Avenue, Cupar, N.B.
BUCHANAN, J., 34, New Cut, Lambeth, S.E.
BUCKLEY, G. W., Beech Street, Middlewich, Cheshire.
BUTLER, M. EDITH, 103, Fairview Rd., S. Tottenham, N.
CAPRON, F., 41, Lennard Road, Penge, S.E.
CHARLES, A., Rosthwaite, Westley Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
CHURCH, L. A., 47, Sussex Road, Tonbridge, Kent.
CLARKE, J., 281, High Street, Lincoln.
DARBY, W., Wilton House, Weston-super-Mare.
DAVIES, D. W., Penyfan, Alexandra Road, Gorseinon, Swansea.
DAVIES, T., 34, Hanbridge Road, Swansea.
DAVIS, H. W., Market Place, Melbourne, Derby.
DEVINE, A. H., 21, Rockall Road, Prestypool, Mon.
DONOHOE, P., Auburn Cottage, Auburn Street, Dublin.
DOUGLAS, G., Netherfield, Station Road, Yardley, Worcs.
FEARN, E. G., 7, California Tce., Ford Rd., Arundel, Sussex.
FINCH, W. H., 109, Boutport Street, Barnstaple.
GAUKROGER, I. (Mrs.), 12, Vaughan Avenue, Doncaster.
GORDON, G. (Mrs.), 33, Penton Road, Osgathorpe, Sheffield.
GREENHALGH, J., Hall Cottage Green, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs.
GRIFFITHS, D., 27, Henleaze Avenue, Bristol.
HASEN, L. (Mrs.), 4, Main Street, Shildon, Co. Durham
HAMMOND, C. T., 24, Irene Road, Parson's Green, S.W.
HANDLEY, A. W., 44, Burlesmere Av., Bulby, Doncaster.
HARDING, A., 92, Lavender Grove, Queen's Road, Dalston
HARPER, S., Hopes Yard, Uppingham.
HARRIS, S. H., Chillington, Kingsbridge, South Devon.
HAUGHTON, MOLLIE, Ballymahon, Millingar, Ireland.
HEATH, C., Cannon Elms, Cannon Lane, Pinner.
HOGAN, J. J., Congested Districts Board, 23, Rutland Square, Dublin.
HORWOOD, W. D., 27, West Street, Minehead, Somerset.
HOUSE, C. W., Mertonville, Princes Square, Exeter, Devon.
HUNT, M. W., P.O. Staff, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.
IRELAND, C., 35, Kitchner Street, Sunderland.
JAMES, C., 56, Leigh Road, Warrington, Lancs.
JONES, A. V., 93, Mardy Road, Mardy, Glam.
JOWETT, J., 10, St. John Street, Lowright, Manchester.
KEANE, M. F., 1, Lynwood Grove, Sale, Cheshire.
KENNAUGH, F., 1, Brunswick Road, Douglas, I.O.M.
KENNEDY, S., 17, Craigside Avenue, West Derby, Liverpool.
LANE, S., 141, High Cambridge St., C.-on-M., Manchester.
LAURENCE, M. ST. AUBYN, Grammar School, Ongar.
LEWIS, F., 37, Atherley Road, Southampton.
LINE, M., Lynwood, Moreton Avenue, Manchester, N.
MACDONALD, D., 43, Hare Street, Woolwich, S.E.
MACKAY, (Mrs.), Ingleton, Yorks.
MASON, A. (Mrs.), 67, Princes Avenue, Hull.
MCGREGOR, J., 8, St. Anns Drive, Giffnock, Renfrewshire.
MCKNIGHT, E. (Mrs.), General Stores, Clayton Street; Kennington Oval, S.E.
MILLS, A. (Sergt.), 2644, C. Coy, 11th Man. Regt. Grantham.
MORRISS, T. E., 42, McLeod Road, Plumstead, S.E.
MUSTON, W., Haselbech, Northampton
NEWMAN, F. H. (Sgt.-Major), 6th Queen's Regt., Sandling, Kent.
OLIVER, A. (Mrs.), 15, Sark Road, Stoneycroft.
PALMER, E. C., 4, Bolt Street, Belfast
PARTON, G., 3, Ainleys Yd., Dale Rd., Rawmarsh, Rotherham.
PEMBERTON, C., 144, Northumberland St., Liverpool, S.E



The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Mr. H. P. Stebbings, 63 Prince of Wales Road, Norwich, from Thursday, December 10th, and at those of Mr. J. W. Steward, 68, Dereham Road, Norwich, from Monday, December 14th.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at the New Electric Theatre, Prince of Wales Road, Norwich.

PRITTARD, J. P., 14, Park Street, Wombwell, Yorks.
PRICE, E. (Mrs.), 10, Springfield Road, Exeter.
RAVENSCROFT, A., 64, Poyser Street, Wrexham.
RAWLING, G. A., 6, St. Mary St., Lincoln.
REMINGTON, J., 19, Market Street, Huddersfield.
RICHARDSON (Mr.), 27, Sloane Street, Moss Side, Manchester.
RICHES, J. F., 3, Laburnam Tce., Cromwell Bridge, L. Broughton Road, Manchester.
ROBERTS, J., 50, Hayden Avenue Moss Side, Manchester.
ROBERTS, G., 193, Beach Street, Deal, Kent.
SAINT, H. S. E., 361, Thorold Rd., Ilford, E.
SAMMONS H. S. Barton, N.R. Yorks.
SEMPLE, A. (Mrs.), Hill Side Cottage, Milnthorpe, Westmoreland.
SHEARER (Mrs.), 432, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.
SMEATON, L. T., 50, Totnes Road, Canning Town, E.
STORY, J., 92, Kingscourt Rd., Streatham, S.W.
TAYLOR, F. C., 6, Parliament Street, Morley, Leeds.
THOMAS, A., 127, Pear Tree Street, Derby.
TRUELOVE, T., 19, Woodcote Place, West Norwood, S.E.
WARDALE, (Mrs.), 60, George Street, Pocklington, York.
WATERHOUSE, S., 19, Norfolk Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
WEST, D. (Mrs.), 71, Greyhound Lane, Streatham, S.W.
WESTON, F. E., 6, Cavendish Road, West Croydon.
WILSON, J. (Mrs.), 83, Caledonian Road, Leeds.
WOLLASTON, A. (Miss), 18, Woodfield Cres., Kidderminster.
WOOD, A. J., 130, Soho Road, London, E.
WOOD, F. J., Tarset-les Nest, Hklin Lane, near Macclesfield.
WOODCOCK, D., Greenstead Green, Halstead, Essex.
YOUNG, W., 106, Hartington St., Roker.

Selection from 200 Prize-Winners of 5s. each.

ILLINGWORTH, F., Arcade, Wakefield.
ISLES, D. L. M., 12, Bank Street, Lochee, Dundee.
IVES, W. E., 2, The Grove, Wandsworth, S.W.
JAMES, L. P., 67, Bolton Street, Ramsbottom, Lancs.
JAMES, IDRIS T., 25, Cemetery Road, Treforby, Glam.
JAMES R. P., 26, Ormiston Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.
JONES, T. B., 228, Witton Rd., Birmingham.
KELL, J. (Mrs.), 48, North Rd., Durham.
KENNEDY, C., 20, Robson St., Hulme, Manchester.
KILBRIDE, W., Eldon House, Nafferton, Hull.
KITCHER, F., 31, Southampton Road, Salisbury.
KNAPMAN, D. E. (Miss), 7, Colwick Road, W. Bridgford, Notts.
LAWLEY, F., Portland Cottage, Swadlincote, Burton-on-Trent.
LEATH, H., 38, Queen's Square, W.C.
LEE, H., 1399, Royal Flying Corps, Headquarters, South Farnboro'.
LEE, C., 4, Arundel Street, Wakefield.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 200 prize winners or Turkeys on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a halfpenny stamp to these offices, and will also appear in the "Competitors' Journal."

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 32, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ⅋ Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

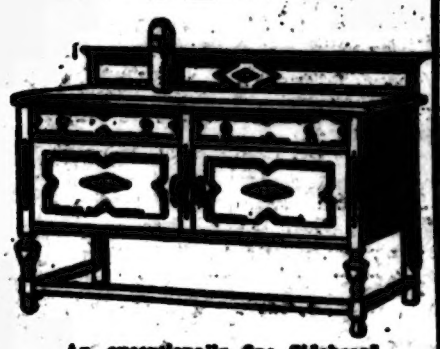
5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, December 17th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they considered sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a manner, ALL coupons are read and considered and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."



An exceptionally fine Sideboard, designed in the style of the Jacobean period. Soundly constructed of oak, and very carefully finished in every detail.

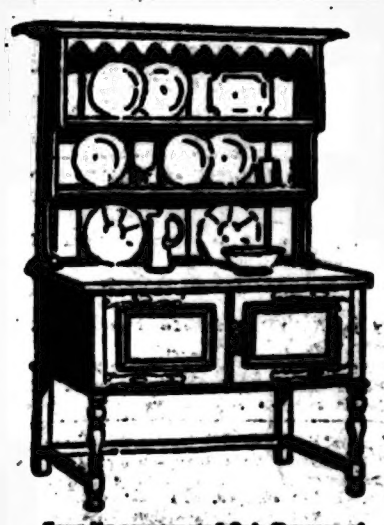
£5 18s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

Town or Country.

Worth.			Per Month.		
£10	...	...	£0	6	0
£20	...	...	0	11	0
£30	...	...	0	17	0
£40	...	...	1	5	0
£50	...	...	1	8	0
£100	...	...	2	5	0
£200	...	...	4	10	0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Soundly constructed Oak Dresser of quaint design, with roomy cup cast in the upper part, and oxydised hinges and fittings. Finished in any shade desired.

£3 3s. 0d.

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